

Old-Time Days
in
Vaca Valley.

A Personal Record
of Notes and Memories
by
W.L. Jepson.

— " —
If lost finder please return to
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F. B. = Folsom Field Book, vol. & page as
cited.

1.

These pages contain stray notes of
reminiscences of boyhood days in
Vaca Valley - golden years of happy
memories; occasional notes of later
years; bits from the pioneers.
The first few pages happen to be
chance notes of readings of
odd books here and there.

— Charles Francis Adams in his Autobiography, says:

"The terrible New England conscience implanted in men who inheriting its traditions, had largely outgrown Calvinistic theology" — p. 10.

"They were in a word, by inheritance ingraimed Puritans, and no Puritan by nature probably ever was really comparable" — p. 10.

"In my boyhood nothing whatever was done to amuse children" — p. 18.

"he (Jefferson Davis) was very much of a gentleman in his address — courteous, unpretending and yet quietly dignified. A man in no way aggressive, yet not to be trifled with. I instinctively liked him; and regret extremely that it was not my good fortune, then or later, to see more of him." — p. 49.

"I had said that Dr. Jacob Bigelow, of the class of 1806, whom, I well remembered

had in his life accomplished the greatest feat given any man to accomplish, in that he left his chosen calling other and better than he found it" — p. 209.

"I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success — money-getting. It comes from a rather low instinct. Certainly, so far as my observation goes, it is rarely met with in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and tolerably well, a good many "successful" men, — "big" financially — men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. — p. 190.

— Adams frequently refers to "the

Terrible New England conscience

- In see all organisation with its implication of finality is death... What you organise you Kill. Organised morals or organised religion or organised thought are dead morals and dead religion and dead thought... The unorganised side of life is the real life... The reality of life is adventure - p. 69. Wells' Mr. Britling sees it through

- "turned far happier to those fair inanimate things of household and garden which do not turn again and rend one, to æstheticisms and delicacies, to order and regularity." - p. 107.

no pride... no dignity... a limitless desire to hurt and humiliate, p. 277
The idea of hatred, etc. p. 274 et seq.

- "generals whose promotion had been determined by their seniority, amiability and unruffled comradely felicity." - p. 152, Wells' Bealby.

- "the white horse started into a convulsive irregular distribution of its feet" - p. 75.

- "the complete yet leisurely insouciance of the snail" - p. 72.

- camping - "it is an adventure to which high spirits and great expectations must be brought, it is an experience in proximity which few friendships survive, - and altogether very queer fun" - p. 71. A description of camping.

From H.G. Wells' Bealby.

- Meredith's Richard Feverel. That scene Stevenson calls "the most exquisite prose in the language".
"I read it periodically; when I am blue or slightly discouraged."

"Failure loves to nurse on the great tragedies of failure" - Mary Halloran Foote, The Valley Road, 148.

It's on the lap of the gods.

- "San Francisco doesn't put money into the valley; she wants the valley to put money into her."

- Valley Oak - "the great oak's leafy chambers"

- We are much isolated in the heart of the Mohave. Manson the Foreman comes to the table these days with his elbows out in an otherwise good coat, but Miss Waterman, Senorita of the Rancho, complains; but I interpose and say: "He wants to keep in touch with the outside world"! - Jan. 1916.

- Miss Waterman tells a story of offering a counterfeit 5-franc piece to a Neapolitan shopkeeper, not knowing it was bad. He was very polite about it: "The Senorita can give it to the poor, or as a tip". "Ah, but that would injure some one. I will give it to the church!". The Senorita is quite right. Thus it will do injury to no person and great glory will accrue to the Senorita!" - The Senorita finally asked her hotel maid to take it and destroy it. "Ah yes. She would take it and relieve the Senorita." And her face suddenly shone as she courtised to receive it!! - Mar. 1916.

- Goose with only one leg. See Colonel Carter of Cartersville.

- The advantage of keeping your temper is rehearsed by the Quaker who was so incensed at the fraudulent yet plausible arguments used by an adversary that he boiled over in anger and then cried: "It is well for thee friend I have forgotten what I had to say"!

- A lampman has been about the place ^{today} trying to sell lamps. He is very garrulous in his attempts to sell: "I had a wife once. She had one like that 18 years ago. I guess she has it yet!" - Barstow, Feb. '16
- Said a simple chap in Barstow of a man under discussion: "He's my friend. He speaks to me on the street."
- "He yearned for the smell of inpropriety as the drunkard ^{yearns} for his drink." - ? Anecd.
- "An expert is one who tells others how to do something which he himself cannot do."
- Push is always better than pull.
- The only difference between a rut and a grave is the width and depth.
- "You can't reform a defaulting bank cashier by teaching him

- arithmetic". Dr. Helen Waterman wants to know wherein the speciousness of this remark lies and more especially the name for it.
- "The atrocious contempt of little girls for little boys they do not like" - Sat. Eve. Post, Oct. 31, '14 "Vigilant Hostility". "His nickname implied the ability to skin a flint". "That supreme disenchantment of a five-high collar".
- "The Greeks who have written so much and said so little." - Voltaire, Princess of Babylon, p. 233, coll. works.
- "They were governed like children who were extravagantly supplied with gee-gaws to prevent their crying." - L.C. p. 243. Of the French.
- "The Germans are the grayheads of Europe; the people of Albion are men formed; the inhabitants of Gaul are children, - and I love to play with children" - Princess of Babylon.

— He felt as the ^{and daisies} isolated grass ^{must} of ~~fast~~ when you move the garden roller away to a new place. —

Wells, Hist. of Mr. Polly, p. 247

"A hedge separated [the Potwell Inn] from a buttercup yellow meadow, and beyond stood three poplars in a group against the sky, three exceptionally tall, graceful and harmonious poplars" — p. 250, l.c.

— Master, a certain son of evil on a lonely road met a peasant taking to market two large goatskins of oil, and coveting the superior donkey carrying them, contrived himself of a method by which to get possession of it. Pretending to be anxious to buy the oil, the owner was persuaded to unload the two skins upon the ground and to open ^{one for} the supposed customer to ^{see and} taste. Once this son of evil had sampled the first skin he got the owner to hold

the mouth shut while he should examine its mate. Having done so, he now pretended to wish to taste the contents of the first skin, for which reason the owner held the second closed with his other hand. Thus the oil vendor found himself ^{both hands} engaged, squatting between the two skins of oil, while the son of evil rode away on the donkey."

"Esa smiled and his ready eyes again twinkled. 'You see,' he added, 'while I am holding the locusts at bay on this west side, they are entering on the east side, and I am in the same dilemma as the fallah who had both hands occupied holding the oil skins shut, and should he drop them to rescue the donkey the oil would naturally spill.'"

Jerusalem's Locust Plague. cont.

Geog. Mag. 28: 538. Pictures of the dermided fig trees, 523, 525, 526. See ¶ 2 on p. 529, 2nd. col. "He hath laid my vine waste and barked my fig tree: he hath made it clean bare and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white" — Joel 1: 7.

Essa being chaffed for yielding ^{half} his garden to so small a fox he replied:

"A certain hunter secured a living by making shepherd's flutes of bones taken from eagle's wings. One day, being without his gun, by chance he stumbled upon a carcass on which a number of eagles were perched, stupefied from overeating. Crawling stealthily up, he seized the legs of the ^{his} largest birds. They struggled to escape; then, flapping their wings, started raising the hunter gently from the ground. Still so riveted were his thoughts upon the eight flutes he was going to make from their bones and the ^{his} money he would get for each, that he did not realize his danger until too late. Looking down, he now saw the earth slowly receding from ^{below} him, when he heard a faint voice from a passer-by saying:

"Let go of one and hold to one". He did so, and one eagle, unable alone to sustain his weight, brought him to the earth safely, with one eagle bogged. So you see," said Essa, "half a bear patch is better than none, just like the common saying, "Half a stomach full removes the necessity of a full one" - Nat. Geog. Mag. L.C. 541.

- Accolade, a curved line below the line to include a word as belonging to the line. Used by the monks in monastic book-making of the middle ages.
- Of the dutch: Where three are, four are quarreling.

My dear Miss Barbara.- News of your arrival on this our planet has only just reached us and I hasten to extend you heartiest welcome to our beautiful world. Now, you may meet sour-faced persons who say this is a world of sin and sorrow, but it isn't so and you want to avoid that ilk, for our earth is a very wonderful and interesting place and ^{there} are always such a lot of splendid things to do, - more and more, you will find, as you grow up.

But first you have a job on hand which is to bring up your parents properly. Now of course they think you are the loveliest and most adorable creature that ever lived (and you are), the lodestar of their existence, and

the brightest star in any constellation of young beauties (and you are). But while all this is very well in its way you must never for one moment, night or day, allow them to forget that you require constant and undivided attention, instant and implicit obedience, unwavering and unremitting care, noon or midnight, vespers or cockcrow. After the first blush of your coming they may be inclined to wander, and here is where you must be very stern. Never compromise on honeyed words in place of food or substantial service; insist - on both. Train them in all ways to fetch and carry; in short teach them the whole duty of parents, and you will find them a delight-

and joy everlasting, — if Poppy brought up.

I wish you all the happiness that ever can be. May life for you be auto service on an asphalt road with poppy fields on either hand. And remember that this is the most interesting time to be alive that war was.

With all best wishes, I am, Your devoted and admiring friend, Willis Linn Jepson.
[Apr. 5, 1916. Barstow. To the newly born child of Mr. & Mrs. John Sherman Bogg of Mill Valley.]

Mohave Desert.

— Things which I did at Waterman Ranch, winter 1915-1916. —

1. Made rooster-platters (pig troughs)
2. Fed the horse Osiris.
3. Trapped 408 gophers in Feb-March.
4. Constructed a utensil cupboard in kitchen.
5. Mended wire-screen on porch.
6. Mended wire-screen door where Moses the pig struck his head thru.
7. Went to town for mail & groceries.
8. Took horses to town for shoeing.
9. Cut 4 cords kindling.
10. Cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ cord wood on power saw.
11. Helped repair engine.
12. Planted 27 Cottonwood trees and 7 locust trees.
13. Repaired Osiris corral.
14. Constructed two fences about young trees.

15. Fed the chickens occasionally.
16. Fed the pigs a few times.
17. Helped put roof on pig houses.
18. Helped Alvey fix belt on engine.
19. Hitched up blacks once in a while for Miss Waterman.
20. Built a wagon-frame.
21. Brought in wood for Jennie the ^{big} cow.
22. Drove cows to pasture.
23. Repaired fence lines.
24. Cut two loads of mesquite logs in river bottom.
25. Made a ramada for Osiris, cutting and bringing up three wagon loads of arrow-wood.

To my boyhood chum, Ralph Black urging him to cultivate his artistic talent for the pleasure of it. In part:

"As you appreciate it is the finest thing on earth to do what you love best. My reputation as an authority on Californian botany is international. Every once in a while I learn from a letter or otherwise of my books in some far-off corner of the Southern Hemisphere. But that isn't what I care for. I don't give a rap for it. Miss Waterman said to me in June one day: 'I am jealous of you because you are in "Who's Who" and I am not.' But such things are nothing to me. If I cared for such things I would put on my frock coat and silk hat, stick out my chest and bravel on it. That isn't the thing. The real thing is to be able to hike out over the dusty plains beyond Borwick

in the flush of the Spring-time, to study plants in my laboratory, & to write 'em up and illustrate 'em when the spirit says "now is the time". That is real pleasure and care-free existence. Apr. 24, '16.

And if things come to the worst with you, try the scheme on, I say. You'd probably succeed enough to have fun, - and if you didn't succeed I don't believe you'd be unhappy about it or wish you hadn't tried."

Apr. 24, 1916

The Animals.

- Rodents replaced by plaques. Sci. 74:632.

Books read at Waleran Ranch, Dec. '15 - Mar. '16

- Belloc, Path to Rome.
- Noah Brooks. Boy Emigrants.
- Sabatier. Life of St. Francis of Assisi.
- Cromer. Modern Egypt. (Second Reading)
- Machiavelli. The Prince. (Third Reading)
- Wells, H.G. History of Mr. Polly.
- Austin, Mary. Lost Borders.
- Little Book of Modern Verse (Rittenhouse)
- Harmsen. Queed and V.V.'s Eyes.
- Singleton. English Cathedrals
- Morgan. Edwin Clayhanger.
- Cornwallis Johnson.
- Kipling. Poems. (10th to 50th reading of many).
- Rydén's Woman's Eyes.
- Joshua Reynolds. Discourses on Art.

American Proverbs.

- A hen doesn't quit scratching because worms are scarce.
- Ability is heavily discounted by lack of ^{zeal}.
- God pity the man who thinks he has succeeded, for he can do nothing more for himself.
- When one comes up to the mark he has set for himself it is a safe conclusion that the standard was too low.
- Discouragement is felt only by ^{wrangling}.
- Remember no music will cause the world to stop its ears so quickly as a song of ^{worship}.
- Men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.
- Our greatest glory consists not in never falling but in rising every time we fall.
- Yesterday is dead, forget it; Tomorrow does not exist, don't worry; Today is here, — use it!
- When right you can afford to keep your temper; when wrong you can't afford to lose it.
- A lazy man is no more use than a dead man, and he takes up more room.
- Ability is heavily discounted by lack of zeal.

The Fence Lines at Little Oak.

Originally the herds of cattle and the bands of horses rove at will ^[23] over the whole country intermixed. But gradually fences were built, at first a ditch and dirt dyke with a single board on posts on top, later good stout 4 and 5-board fences of redwood post and Oregon Pine boards. Good fine heartwood Redwood! long straight Oregon Pine without a knot in it, boards 1 x 6 or 1 x 8 24 feet long!

Cato and Varro say the Italian Cypress was planted in gardens to mark their limits. — *Jour. Lond. Hort. Soc.* 3: 139.

Animal Speed. — cf. Atlantic Mo. Mar. 1930, p. 322.

Rabbit — 35 mi. per hour.
 Pheasant — 50 " " "
 Am. Pigeon — 71 " " "
 Lannergeir — 110 " " "
 vulture.
 Swallow — 134 " " "
 Silver Salmon — 17 " " "

English Foxhounds — 40 " " "

Fence Lines

As one harks north on the north and south road at the east end of the ^{old} Posthouse Road, one looks up at the broad sweeping curves of Carpent Hills. This road is on a section line and the section line is marked by a fence, and the fence runs straight north across the hill and climbs (Cat. p. 24)

24

The country school teacher. Generally not respected. Looked upon as some one who could not do anything else. As a weak or flabby or sissified sort of person. G.B. Shaw has a perfectly tracks dig at teachers: Those who do, do; those who can't, teach.

Ex-president Taft has just died. I like to think of the fine manner in which he behaved on leaving the White House on his terrible defeat by Wilson. He was offered princely salaries by many business organizations, up to \$100,000 and more per year. He replied to all; each and every one; "I know nothing of that business. It is absurd that I should be paid \$100,000 to do something of which I am ignorant. I will not do it. And my name is not for sale!" So he went to Yale and taught law and earned his salary of \$6,000 per year! What a splendid record. - Mar. 10, 1930.

- Cont from bottom p. 23. the hill, marking it like a meridian line, straight as a rule, disregarding swales, slope or hollow. The inexorable definiteness of it, as it keeps rigidly on on all that lovely country, far from farm precincts, habitation or trees, in a country so naked and lovely, has in it a little of the voice of destiny.

25

the laboratory at first she asked to go home with us since she enjoyed my company so much, and I had been so polite and was so taken by surprise that I said it would please me greatly." (!!!). Tableau.

And then the Botany Man laughed and roared. He chortled in his joy! But Miss. G. was very good-natured in it all, - it is her strong point. - China Nov. 1930.

- To Miss Martha Hall, 5 or 6 day old. Dear Martha. - With this I am sending you a spoon. You will need a spoon to punctuate your remarks, to emphasize your wants, to whack your Daddie when he misbehaves which will probably be pretty often now that he has you for an excuse, and to wave in triumph above your head in signal of your life's victories which I trust will be many, frequent, and continuous. Good Luck and all good wishes. Your affectionate friend, Nellie Linn Jepson. Mar 5, 1916.

- "She might give her life to the ways of Dorcas" - V.V.'s Eyes.

- Meaning ways other than matrimonial. But why Dorcas? =

- The Dorcas Society which supplies the poor. cf. Acts,

- Believe me who have tried.

- Thou wilt find something more in woods than in books. Trees and rocks will teach thee what thou canst not hear from a master. - St. Bernard.

- Misquotation is proof of a good memory. - Chesterton.

- Because a man who misquotes does so from memory and not from a book of quotations.

- "For all below was the Campagna. Names that are at the origin of things attached to every cleft and distant rock beyond the spreading level, or sanctified the gleams of rivers. x x x Was it in so small a space that all the legends of one's childhood were acted? x x x Were they peasants of a group of huts that handed down the great inheritance of discipline? x x x Rome was most vigorous before it could speak. So a man's voice and all he has are but the last outward appearance of an earlier, more plastic, and diviner force" - p. 433-4.

- Cf. pp. 388. - On lying, p. 376.

- "Only in the foolish cities do men think it a fine thing to appear careless of their money. - p. 353

- On Germans, p. 251.

- "Have you ever tried looking down 5000 feet at 60 degrees? It drags the mind after it." - p. 211.

Bellec. - Path to Rome.

- "I also told him that armies fighting in a just cause were the happiest places for living, and that a good battle for justice was the beginning of all great songs; and that as for property, a man on his own land was the nearest to God. - p. 130.
- You are like the men who should say that their drunkenness was due to their drink, or that arson was caused by matches. - p. 131.
- "He should never drink what has been made and sold since the Reformation - I mean especially spirits and champagne. Let him drink red wine and white, good beer and mead - if he could get it - liquors made by monks, and in a word all those feeding, fortifying and confirming beverages that our fathers drank in old times; but not whisky, nor brandy, nor sparkling wines, nor absinthe, nor the kind of drink called gin - p. 154.
- "The last roll of the mountains - p. 257.

Bellec. - Path to Rome. 29

- "Overwhelming and commanding supply downward distances of air" - p. 209.
- The barrel in wheels - p. 17.
- "The immensity that properly belongs to plains alone" - p. 26.
- "Why is breakfast different from all other things so that the Greeks called it the best thing in the world. - p. 35
- Small of morning - p. 40
- Here and elsewhere he glorifies the country and rails at the "wretched minds of Lorraine."
- Bakers excellent citizens - p. 42.
- In favor of ritual - p. 47.
- On the names of Louis - p. 53.
- The sources of rivers - p. 83.

"If one lost his way going upwards to make at once along the steepest line, but if one lost it going downward, to listen for water and reach it and follow it." - p. 68.

He has also some fine phrase on the loveliness of the country ways and of the beneficence of the soil.

- To many men mountains are as inspiring, as uplifting, as soul-stirring as great essays or poems are to others.
- H. D. Salisbury, in Sci. Apr. 5, 1918.

People sometimes thought of my father as rather "down." Undoubtedly deeply religious and somewhat rigid about it, yet the Pagan in him at times cropped out. On the days of country-side celebrations in the olden time, such as May Day, he objected to being passed on the road by anyone. At such a juncture he would speed the carriage horses to their utmost, causing my mother to scream with fright. She objected strongly to this horse-racing, but it never did any good. Away we would go, over the dirt roads - like the wind. - Extract from a letter to Harold Carew, Nov. 29, 1928.

To see my student Dr. Helen Gilkey.
I remarked that most of the
Faculty did not know I was absent
and she replied: Well, maybe the
Faculty didn't, but the students missed
you dreadfully! That was balm and
something I would rather have
heard than anything! - May 6, 1916.

- "England's Complaint to Jesus
Christ against the Bishop's canon
of the late sinfull synod" - circa
1644, as I remember. Title taken
from an index card in U.C. Library.

H. Morse Stephens - "whose modesty and
peculiar nature keeps him from having
a book written by himself in his
private library" - (From a write-up of
Famous California Professors, Oakland Trib-
une, May 28, 1916). - It would seem that
the modest thing would be to have one's
own books in his private library and keep
them out of the public libraries,
but this is simply one of Stephen's ^{preludes}

In the old days, driving across the San
Joaquin Valley in my botanical camp-
wagon was a slow and peaceful journey
over shimmering wheat-filled plains
punctuated by quiet little towns and oc-
casional tree-lined rivers. Today, I drive
down the Valley along the main "valley
route" through irrigated fields alive with
power-driven machinery, through roaring
young but up-to-the-minute cities every
few miles, the highway constantly flanked
by filling stations, fruit vendors and
hot-dog stands. As always, at my first
day-and-night turmoil and seek
unfrequented ways; this time veering off
at Madera and picking up a lone
country road that extends due east
towards the foothills over endless miles
of treeless plain. Perhaps not one traveler
in a thousand, speeding like mad up
and down the concrete main road,
seeks out with his eyes over the east-
ward immensity of the plain the
ghost-like outlines of the yellow
foothills lying on the edge of that
far level, nor ponders out the vague
and shadowy masses of purple
lying above which broken the suc-
cessive heights of the Sierra Nev-
ada, all but blurred into distant

36) nothingness. But now that I am
free of the thundering highway,
I loiter and regard the scene. It
is a different world - an old-time
world, the wide-spreading plain
covered with miles and miles of wheat;
the dreary ranch buildings scattered
at wide intervals with not a tree
or garden spot about them; fre-
quently, very frequently, one of these
ranches is quite unoccupied, silent
testimony to the hopeless struggle
of the farmer under the pressure of
economic laws fashioned in favor
of an urban civilization; and over
all the white-hot sunshine turn-
ing everything to an approximation
of its own temper. After a time
the plain takes on that soft undu-
lation which tells me that he
is nearing the foothills. A coyote
with his kill is trotting leisurely
northward. Hearing the sound of my
car he stops to regard me curiously.
I slow up and pause to return
the compliment. Instantly he leaps
on, not trusting my intentions,
and is gone out of view in the
unobservable changes of level.

37)
Ground owls stand on their little
mounds at the entrance of their
houses and regard you listlessly,
but overhead, sparrow hawks, all
but exterminated in populous
districts, dart and poise on
fluttering wings, reminders of years
ago. In the dry fields and on
benches of drought-stricken gullies
I gather strange plants and go
on to the edge of the foothills,
make camp by the edge of a
broad river and fraternize with
families of the native tribes as
my camping neighbors upriver
and downstream. - July 20, 1928.

There is further description of the
settlement at Front, the Indian camps
along the river of the San Joaquin,
the lights of the village, and the faint
sound of a plaintive air ^{from a}
native hut on the further shore, ^{across the water} - all
in the Field Books of 1928 and 1929.

Lovely Roads

The road over the Mile Square hills to Suissan. We liked to go to Suissan; it had to us something of a metropolitan air, an "edge" to its blocks of stores. But on the way thither we seldom met any one - or saw any one - a lovely way. (See bottom p. 138).

And then an old-time road ran north through the low rolling hills that form the low support of the English Hills on the plains side. This road we took on a May Day on the journey to Winters - the country still all green, the road all grassy with only a thin wagon trail - and so we traveled northward on our way through the untenanted country, seeing no one, meeting no one. But a spick-span buggy and two horses pass us - with a pair of lovers - and oh the country is so green, the rippling sunshine so fragrant, the flowers so many patches - all along this lovely lovely way leading to the happy land of the wide-spreading oaks at Putah Creek - and the joyous games of May Day.

And then there is a short road leading from Logoon Valley to upper Vacabally - the summit of Jatic Cañon. Never in the old days did I meet any one on this bit of naked road. - Mar. 18, 1930.
- I am used to dances to dancing every dance, for to me the rhythm of poetry, of dancing, of the heat waves on the desert, of the sigh of forest tops in the wind, the canticle of stars in the high mountain tops - all join on. - Nov. 25, 1919.

Lindy - "He was an Indian's dog but with a white man's self-respect and stability of character"

- Stefansson, My Life with the Eskimo, p. 75.

- Elk. Caesar's reference to the Elk is in the Gallic War, Book II, paragraph 27. The Elk is a browsing animal and cannot feed on grass on account of its short neck. I have seen the statement in print that the Elk cannot bend the knee (of the front legs), but so far I have found no confirmation of this in authoritative works.

and had no one to play with; and, indeed, could not have played in any case on account of his good clothes. However, Charley was quite content and surveyed with distant disdain our exceedingly rough games on the school playground: "wrestling", "pile-on" and "prisoner's base". Well, there came an end to the college term, and with it a perfectly grand exhibition in the College Chapel. It was the event of the year and everybody was there.

Just about this time Dennis Kearney, the sand-lot agitator, was stirring up California and the West with his fiery denunciations of oriental labor. Ceph, therefore, wrote an oration for Charley to speak, a travesty upon Dennis Kearney. Now Charley was neither bright nor clever, but he had a word of assurance which eminently fitted him for the role he had to play. Under Ceph's tutelage he became proficient and, when his turn came upon the program, he tore up the earth and rent the skies in fiery imitation of the sand-lot demagogue. Breathing deep defiance, his studied refrain, "The Chinese must go", brought gales of laughter from the crowded audience - and a great oration at the end. It was Charley's real day of triumph. - Apr. 20, 1930.

- Johnson, Gifford. Old-time Schools and School-Books. 1935

- In this world I shall not find
Any comfort like Wind,
Any friend to so endure,
Any love so strong, so sure.
I was born when Wind with Stars
Linked its magic, and from far
Whispered out my destiny -
And the winds have bothered me.

x x x x

Rose-perfumed night-air that slips
Like a kiss across my lips,
Smoke-tanged wood-breath - they can sweep
All old childhood from its sleep
Underneath thick-fallen days
Heaped and dum across my ways;
For until the end shall be,
Scent-o'-wind is Memory.

x x x x

Margaret Widener

- Northern of the Sacramento Valley (Mo. Wreath)
Rev. 37:132 (1909). J. A. Blain.

The Grand Road from the mountain goes
 shining to the sea,
 And there is traffic on it, and many
 a horse and cart;
 But the little roads of Clovgnah are
 dearer far to me,
 And the little roads of Clovgnah go
 rambling through my heart.

x x x x Eva Gore-Booth.

p. 108. High Tide

- When the war broke it-
 seemed as if this steadfast
 earth were reeling. One lost
 his bearings because of what
 happened and became em-
 bused because of fortuitous
 events rising in rapid suc-
 cession and dire disorder. One
 needed more than ever in
 his life intellectual com-
 munion; and from more
 than anything else by far
 I got satisfaction from

one source, - a rereading of the
 Paradise Lost: It was the only
 thing that seemed to rise to
 the level of the mighty cata-
 clysm of today when every-
 thing is without precedent.

But the great resource, the
 never-failing relief is the world
 of out-of-doors. In that I
 believe most tremendously. The
 fields and woods, but even more
 the hills, or best of all the
 mountains, give me strength in
 the stress of life's weather. They
 stir the imagination, lift the
 soul, soothe the tired body.
 To enjoy them is a great delight,
 a hearty blessing, a never-failing
 anodyne. - [That word anodyne
 is a good word. See Eugene Wais
 Song of the Washerwoman.] But
 of all persons (Kipling has helped

me most with the open, to enjoyment of the trail, the brown hills and desert-ranges. He has best interpreted the spirit of the world of primitive things. In the Feet of the Young Men, White-Horses, The Explorer, the Kings Jest, the Gipsy Trail.

- To many men mountains are as inspiring, as uplifting, as soul-stirring, as great essays or great poems are to others. - Salisbury in Sci. 47: 331 (1918).

- Home Tooke's advice to the friends of the People was profound: - 'If you wish to be powerful pretend to be powerful' - Coleridge, Table Talk, May 1, 1832.

[See the Books here noted were seen in Second-Hand Book-Dealers Catalogs]

Record began Nov. 1926. See p. 124.

- Goodwin, C. C. As I remember them. Cfr. to Stanford, Bidwell, etc. Salt Lake. 1913.
- Visscher, Wm., The Pony Express. Chicago. 1868.
- Davis, Wm. H. Sixty years in Cal. 639 pp. S.F. 1889.
- Stan King in Cal. W. D. Simmonds. S.F. 1917.
- Smith, C. W. Journal of trip to Cal. from Watson, Mo. to Weber Creek, Cal. in 1850.
- Kelly, Wm., Across the Rocky Mts. from N.Y. to Cal. London. 1852.
- Bates, B. D., Incidents on Land and Water; Four Years on the Pac. Coast. 1860.
- Barthwick, J. D., Three years in Cal. 1857.
- White, Stewart Edward. ^{Early gold fields.} The Forty-Miners. 1918.
- Gutter of California. Julian Dana. 1934.
- The Franciscans in Cal. Zephyrin Engelhardt.

When a small lad in school the school library contained a book of moral (not religious) fables, arranged as stories designed to entice the minds of young lads. One of these stories told of the boy who crowded too soon; another, of the farmer unwilling to loan his mare to a neighbor going after apples, but changing his mind when he found that he was to receive a barrel of apples also; of the boy who went up into the apple tree and the farmer threw gravel at him and the boy laughed, then came stones.

- Cont. p. 100.

- The Bear Flag revolutionists at Sonoma captured Genl. Vallejo and other prominent citizens and took them to Sutter's Fort. The first night's camp* was not untended. Juan de Padilla, an outlaw, crept into the camp, conferred in whispers with Vallejo and offered to kill the Americans and rescue Vallejo. Vallejo refused, saying that fearful retribution would be visited on their families. cf. J. J. Schoum, Biography of General Sutter. (Notes in Motor Hand, Oct. 1929).

- General Castro sent a lieutenant and a file of privates to San Rafael from San Jose to collect a band of government horses in pasture there. The lieutenant, in executing the commission, gathers up the horses and proceeds to San Jose by way of the Sacramento Valley, crossing the river at Knight's Landing! cf. J. J. Schoum, Biography of General Sutter. (Notes in Motor Hand, Oct. 1929). This event occurred in 1846.

- Campbellites are called such in Dictionary of American Biography vol. 7, p. 178.

* One would suppose this to be in, say, Guisum or Vaca Valley.

dedicated
to the
Coyote

Long-time tenant of the Chaparral
Who meets the cunning of traps with superior cunning;
Who* pricks the vanity of pursuit with the qualities of judgment, skill and speed;
And who answers the white Man's boasting with defiant howls of contempt and derision.

- Coyote, runs 45 mi. per hour, at rate of
Antelope, " 62 " " " " "
Elk, " 52 " " " " "

Cal. Dist. Newsletter, Dec. 6, 1929.

- cf. Happy Days at Little Oak Ranch, p. 14.

- Government War on Coyote. Sci. Jan. 14, 1916, p. 67. "The eradication of coyotes in sparsely settled or rough country is said to be an exceedingly difficult task". "special fund of \$125,000⁰⁰ to be spent by Biological Survey".

- Coyote. F. B. 40: 190, 194; - 31: 152.

* Who baffles pursuit by judgment, skill and speed;

- Habits of the Burrowing Owl of Cal. of
B. S. Canfield, Am. Nat. 2:583 (1868).
- Wild Geese Galore. S. F. Chronicle,
Dec. 1, 1887, p. 1.
- American Eagle - 46 mi. per hr., - Cal.
Dist. Newsletter, Dec. 6, 1929.
- Turtle Dove, R. B. 46:177.

- We always went on a journey on holidays - to Dixon, winters in Suisun - for Fourth-of-July, for May Day. It was a great day. We made preparations for days before-hand. On the day we were a-bustle early. The chares were hurried through and we had a good breakfast. The horses were put in the carriage and we started. It was really a slow journey but I never tired of it. Toward Dixon in particular there was the great plain to look at. I never tired wondering at its immensity. And as we passed on beyond Elmira we could see the clumps of trees on the higher land towards Dixon. On account of the lunarias the trees sometimes stood a little high and were good to observe. Some groups were peculiarly attractive, so disposed that when in later years I saw the Corots in the Paris galleries, the landscapes of the great master stirred vivid memories of home and the Solano plains. These trees had of course all been planted,

clusters near the farmsteads - stately locusts, often a few willows, an occasional cottonwood, a walnut. The choicest groups were those a little apart, or where a farmhouse had once stood. These trees were not so ^{very} tall, but they were often lifted by the ridges. As a child I studied and studied and studied until they were deeply engraved in memory. (See p. 52).

On one of these holidays - in the fall it was - we were journeying to Putah Creek. On the unfenced plain north of Sweeney Creek we fell in with a great band of turkeys that were being driven to the railroad east of us. The band consisted of some 300 or 400 fine birds, moving slowly along in a rather stately fashion, feeding on the ^{seeds of the} mullein that grew abundantly on the wide expanse. The drivers were a man and a boy and they had come a long way,

from San to the north of Putah Creek. We had many such interesting experiences on these "little journeys".

Our neighbors never went on such trips. In all the years never did we meet any one from our own neighborhood at these festive ^{cf. Gladburn Fair, sale at neighboring towns. {p. 213, "Songs for the Open Air."}

- Traveling north from Madison one passes Cache Creek. A little beyond it is a valley level, all summer fallowed, with the dark crown of the Valley Oak rising from the black heavy soil that supports. This is a scene, familiar in childhood, which has not come before my eyes in a long time. How that picture, too, stirred the memory of old days, a sure reminder of times long past and gone.

Beyond this point I turn easterly on a road over the dry hills and the eye is fascinated by the heat waves running along the brow of a very

hill, or perhaps better, a crest on the rolling plain. The heat waves running like a torrent! Sometimes, the imagination, they look like bands of ^{the} wolves starting suddenly up and running desperately. This phenomenon appears in only one place - it is localized, by temperature, distance and ^{to my eye} topography. - Sept. 26, 1929.

- Cont from p. 50. Three tree groups were often supported by small shrubs - rose bushes, Oleander, Sweet Fennell.
- (Cont. from p. 204.) and of an island called ^{on which he} had been in a shipwreck, the strange natives with their astounding weapons and marvelous tropical fruits. I hung on his words, chilled, evening after evening, because he realized his debt of obligation to me for teaching him how to drive a header wagon though I had never driven one myself! being far too small. Then one day after the main harvest he came home from the village, drunk, not violent but familiarly offensive - and my father discharged him instantly. [cont. p. 62]

- After the hay was cut there sprang up in the fields quantities of the Hayfield Forward. Its heavy aromatic odor rises on the air and one's nostrils are gummed by the tarry secretion of the herbage. Likewise the legs of horses and cows. In summer, in waste land or in the orchards, came the homely alien, the goosefoot, pigweed and tumbleweed. The latter a roundish yellowish-green growth would die under the autumn drizzle and after maturing it would be loosened by the howling norther and carried rapidly along, scattering its seed everywhere and piling up against the fences in great unsightly windrows.

One of the earliest aliens was Tocalote, a star thistle that got into the hay fields. It first appeared ^{in our district} in wheat seed from Napa and so was dubbed Napa Thistle. Napa was of course only its point of origin in this country, since it is a Mediterranean weed.

- A journey to San Francisco was a great event. One of the sights on the way was the forest of masts belonging to the great sailing ships anchored in Carmichael Straits loading with wheat to go all the way to Liverpool. And San Francisco was too wonderful to describe. One day we went to Woodward's Gardens. The way was by street car out of that portion of the town where the buildings were three to five stories high, out along a street lined with shops one story high but extraordinarily interesting beyond belief. And then we came to the wonderful show gardens themselves. It would take a book to tell all its wonders. It cost ten cents to get in, so we brought our lunch and meant to stay all day. And one day was none too long.

- The Squire. Our early day justices were called Squire, Squire Gray, Squire Ward and so on. This was a continuation of old-time practice going clear back to the English County.

- "When you finish a good poem, you must be able to say 'ah', as though you were hit in the solar plexus." - Edwin Markham, on his 54th birthday, to his hosts of the day, English Dept., Princeton University. (cf. Time, 36.)

- "Kisses", see the separate, Proceedings of the National Parks Convention, San Francisco, 1915.
- "Johnny Tuck." One day we were driving to Sunday School. Dressed in an Sunday best, the carriage all newly washed and shining, we were early as usual because we meant to be leisurely along the way. It was the full flood of the spring time. As we drove over the low rolling hills the wild flowers gave color to the low slopes, forming a carpet of varied tints. Now down the gentle slope of one of the tiny hills comes striding manfully little Johnny Tuck. Johnny works for us occasionally as a farm laborer and so Father draws up the horses to a stop for a little talk with him. He is dressed in his Sunday best with a fine blue waistcoat and white dots on it, and a flowing dark red tie of ample proportions.

It is thought that Johnny is on his way to see his girl and as Father leaves him a bit and Johnny shifts awkwardly from one foot to the other. And then as father tickles the ear of the near horse with the buckskin end of the long carriage whip, Johnny, a bit of a man, in his embarrassment reaches down to the ground and seizes a cluster of annuals with sulphur-yellow flowers and fingers them nervously. And then with jolly good wishes to Johnny we drive on, trotting along the flowery slopes in the radiant sunshine. We enjoyed our little wayside visit with Johnny - nor the yellow flowers with their three sulphur-colored sacs - abundant for leagues and leagues along the foothills - which

in the little man's honor we now remember as Johnny Truck. - Nov. 8, 1929.
Camp Meetings (See ^{Happy Days at Little Oak Ranch, p. 31})
 - One of the great things in the old days was to go to camp meeting. For a six or seven year old lad this journey to the camp ground on the river bench in Putah Creek was a great event. I had, of course, seen but few people and when we went everywhere people were always of interest - just to look at. So it was that our mother kept guard upon us and warned us not to stare. "Do not stare at people, children", was an injunction repeated a good many times. But the temptation was very great to sate curiosity because we had never seen any as at all - my little brother and I - except families of our own neighborhood and the traveling preacher and the district school master and a few others. And such lots of people as there

were at the Putah camp-meeting - from the Dixon plains, from way down Putah Creek, all the way from Capay! Excluding the attentions of my family, much engrossed in greeting ^{old} friends, my interest was completely absorbed by a man and woman and three grown daughters - all wonderfully, marvelously fair, not white headed but with a golden glow to the complexion, a golden glow to the light-colored ^{hair}. It was marvelous. Never had I seen persons like them before. It was enchanting. And so I spread my little legs a bit and stared frankly with great enjoyment. And then the man laughed heartily, picked me up good naturedly in his strong arms, and inquired blithely: Well, laddie, have you ever seen us before? Think ye that ye'll ken us next time? And I said: My name is Jim and we

live down by the Alamo. Whereupon he smiled again and said: My name is James and we come from this side of Binghamton. And thus it was that I first made friends with strangers till my people came and took me away. - Nov. 8. 1929
See p. 154. See p. 46.

- Field experiences. One day sister Mary Elizabeth and I and a girl guest went on the grandest expedition - to the top of the Aquipa Hills. We went horseback, I riding behind Mary on Old Dick, to the hill foot. Then we climbed, climbed, climbed; up and up, till our little legs were weary, and breath came short and quick, and finally after one long last pull we reached the hill-top and dropped wearily to the ground to sit and admire the view of all our world. And ate our lunch. How good it tasted and how we wished for more! Then we got up and were all filled with eagerness to a little crest beyond us where we saw the lake in the bottom of Lagoon Valley. What a wonderful sheet of water. It seemed to stretch for miles, the first time. Cont. p. 60

- Civil War. - The Southern people in our neighborhood did not wish to stir up trouble. They wanted California to remain peaceful. Of course there were a few hot heads - but the aggressiveness was on the part of the Union men who burnt the college. Of course much had to be made of disaffection in order that the glory of Thomas Starr King in saving the Union might be properly exalted.

Cf. Claude G. Bowers, *The Tragic Era*.

W. J. Sherman in his memoirs, p. 79, says the Cal. constitution as written was made up in large part of men from the Southern States, but there was little opposition to the provision excluding slavery. A very important page.

- Cont. from p. 59 -

my young eyes had ever rested on on a lake, on any body of water. I had seen lakes and oceans on maps, but this was grander than any in the books - so placid, so serene, so ^{geographically} dazzling in the full brilliance of the afternoon sun. Vast oceans I have seen since that day on the Atacama hilltop; lakes reaching beyond the horizon; seas vast, limitless; but no sight of water ever impressed my imagination so much as this experience when but years old. Years pass and one day some men with shovels came along and dug a drain blotting out the most magnificent body of water on earth.

- The majority of the settlers in our neighborhood were Missionaries. They betrayed themselves by their speech. It was the speech on which I was raised, ^{i.e. reared.} People said what they meant - a very different speech from the speech of men in cities where language is used to dissemble things. Our speech was influenced and tempered by two books - the Bible and Shakespeare - thus did we get a certain force and virility to our words to temper its rustic quality. Bancroft in his book on native institutions (one of his history vols.) has something to say on the strength and force of such a pioneer population as that in Missouri.

- Sept. 5, 1929.

- In Defense of the Backwoods, Scribners, June, 1928. J. J. Niles.

- "Notes on the range and life-history of the Pacific fresh-water turtle, *Blennius manimata*". T. I. Storer, Univ. Cal. Publ. Zool. 32: 429.

- Valley Oaks, cf. F. B. 28:66.
- Somewhere in the F.B. or in the files is an address on the trees at a Berkeley Arbor Day celebration in which Romage is paid the Valley Oak. 1902. F.B. 9:148
- The Acacia Tree. Wm. Litcher 411 pages. [= The Locust?]. (In U.C. Library).
- Early-day gardens. cf. F. B. 27, 182.
- "Of Gardens" by Francis Lord Bacon.
- The Black Locust Tree and its despoliation. C. A. White. (Pop. Sci. Mo. - Mar. 1906, p. 211).
- Buckeye. F. B. 1: 184, 71, 83, 88; 11: 177; 26: 6. Buckeye legends: 28: 88
- Zoology of the Valley Oak. cf. Arbor Day speech ^{in Berkeley, F.B.} 9: 148.
- "Where the locust blossoms looked like a snowfall in the moonlight." - Jessie Benton Fremont

[Cont. from p. 52.]. I saw him ^{only} once after; he disappeared for good when winter came, and doubtless went back to the sea. But when school started I looked up the island of in my geography; and sure enough, there it was, ^{big} life, just where he said, a complete validation, to me, of all his tales of ships and oceans.

- Lee the American, by Gamaliel Bradford. "Lee said that duty was the sublimest word in the language," p. 152. "The cardinal fact of Lee's life was God. Everywhere, he had God in his heart, ^{and always} so much the God of power, or the God of justice, or even the God of Beauty, but the God of love, tempering the austerity of virtue, sweetening the bitterness of failure, above all, breathing loving kindness into the intolerable hell of fire. There have been fierce saints who were fighters. There have been gentle saints who were martyrs. It is rare to find a soldier making war - stern war - with the pity, the tenderness, the sympathy of a true follower of Christ. - p. 246.

"Here was a man who remained great altho he failed. x x x Here was

a man who failed grandly, a man who said "that human virtue should be equal to human calamity" and showed that it could be equal to it.

"A young sophomore was once summoned to the president's office and gently admonished that only patience and industry would prevent the failure that would inevitably come to him through college and through life.

"But, General, you failed," remarked the sophomore with the inconceivable ineptitude of sophomores.

"I hope you may be more fortunate than I" was the laconic answer.

Literature can add nothing to that.
- p. 266

"His idea of high position was high responsibility, a superior

was one who had larger duties as well as larger privileges, and the mark of a gentleman was a keen sense of the feelings and susceptibilities of others."

This attitude has rarely been expressed more delicately than by Lee himself: The forbearing use of power, ~~xxx~~ the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is the ^{true} test of a ^{true} gentleman. The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly - the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it - when the case admits it, will show the

the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him.

He cannot only forgive, he can forgive ^{let} and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which imparts sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others." - p. 232-3.

"Tell her not to mind the reports she sees in the papers. They are made to injure and occasion distrust. Those who know me will not believe them. I laugh at them." - p. 235.

Lee will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the greatest

of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth, - and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington." - Roosevelt. p. 184.

"He was the ablest general, and true seemed the greatest man I had ever conversed with; and yet I have had the privilege of meeting both Metlak and Prince Bismarck." General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their natural and and their inherent greatness." - Lord Wolseley. p. 185.

Lord Chisterfield said: "Attention is the most exquisite element of courtesy". Lee gave heed to this principal in all his intercourse.

Dear Miss Harbison. — It is a painful thing to say that the place of the church and the neat graveyard on the Collinsville road that we visited is not Birds Landing but Montezuma. Properly speaking it is not painful that the place is Montezuma, not at all. Montezuma is entitled to its own self to be true; to stand on its own merits which are many as you know. Still it is deeply painful that we missed Birds Landing.

When we turned off the Rio Vista road and drove south, you will recall that after a while we turned southwesterly and followed down a long hollow (Hopkins Ravine). Then instead of continuing south we took the first road, turning sharply back towards Denton. Had we followed south the road would have brought us in ten minutes or so to the metropolis of Birds Landing, which must have two dozen dwellings or so, a store or maybe two, a postoffice and

perhaps a Hacksmith shop and other fine things.

Here am I, then, never having beheld Birds Landing. A son of Solons, interested in its history and loyal to its people, and yet have never been in Birds Landing. Had I thought to drive on, or you to express a wish, we would — undeniably — both of us — have gazed with delight on Birds Landing. On what slight chances does complete happiness hang, — a mere turn of the road one way or the other and an empire stands or falls.

Thus lost I my one chance to see Birds Landing. But since Fate has willed it so, sorrowfully I acquiesce.

Very Sincerely Yours
Willis Linn Jepson

Nov. 16, 1929.

- The long dry fall this year, 1929, is unbroken by rain. Aug, Sept., Oct. and now November has gone by and no rain. It is so quiet, so still, the air heavy with blue smoke; so heavy a pall, such closing in of one's world, so deathly calm as to give a sense of impending disaster. - Nov. 30, 1929.

- The blackbirds were so abundant in the old days that the flocks darkened the sky. On their way to feeding grounds - a daily migration the flocks succeeded each other for 2 to 3 hours morning and night. Plowmen watch the birds and say that a particular flock returns each day to the same feeding ground - a lame bird will be observed day from day to day as marking the flock, or perhaps a "white" blackbird. When the birds sing, burst into a

great chorus, then it is going to rain say the turners of the soil. But sometimes comes a day of unusual song and rain does not follow. Well, it didn't rain that time, says the plowman. If it is a normally rainy winter, with ^{rain} every few days, or even a shower once a week, then the birds are likely to be good prophets for a while. - Dec. 1, 1929.

Today I called upon Mrs. Duff Hawkins. She has recently celebrated her eightieth birthday but has the youthful appearance and good spirits of a woman of sixty. She said: "Grandpa Araculus Hawkins was born in Virginia, settled for a time in Missouri whence he came to California. I think he crossed the plains three times, bringing cattle. At least twice. The last time in 1853 I think. This last time

he brought his wife, settled at Bodega and raised potatoes. But did not like the Bodega winter and so ^{Mrs. H} they loaded up their prairie schooners with potatoes and redwood lumber and came to Solano Co. They settled on Suisuney Creek but their cattle kept leaving and Grandpa had to go after them and bring them back. The oxen left for water, going to the site of the present Hawkins ranch and after drinking foregathered under the great oak tree at that place. Grandpa finding them there again one day returned home and said: wife, the oxen know better than us where to settle. We are going to pull up stakes here and follow them. That is the real home for us. Grandpa had blacksmiths and carpenters with him; so that he soon had a good home. Almost immediately a kiln was burnt for brick and the brick farm house built. Also an expedition was made to Benicia with a

little train of pack mules - there being no roads - and sacks of wheat brought back to sow fifty acres of land that had been plowed. The land was rich and virgin and the crop turned out an excellent one - Nov. 30, 1929.

- Today ^{Dec. 1, 1929,} we drove forth over the Solano plain in search of Slap Jacks - Miss Julia Harbison and I. Miss Harbison had been told by Lora Garnett (that was) that she had counted in slap jacks along the line of the Sacramento - Oakland electric road, at the stations Montezuma and Vale in particular. So we drove to Montezuma but saw no slap jacks. And a slap-jack cannot well hide itself under a bush. And so on to Birds Landing town and on again to Collinsville - a curious Greek fishing village in the salt marsh at the edge of the river. Then back again zig-zagging the country (over)

Cont. from 160. - performance after gaining sufficient altitude, that is tacking, as it were, to the top of a hill. - July 10, 1929.
 Did the ancient never try flying? never experiment? Apparently not. The Greeks did so many wonderful things - but attempts to wing the air entered not into their purview. They left flying to the Gods!

- Northerners of the Sacramento Valley, by J. A. Blair (No. 1 Walker Review, 37:132).

Cont. from p. 73. - until coming to the end of a north road on the Morning Light plain. We hesitated and a man came up and spoke to us. He is the sole dweller for miles on this plain. One Sam Burns. Had lived here for 51 years. Yes he knew slap-jacks. There were the ones with two arms - the "two dashers" and, with four arms, the "four dashers". On the Norton place at Vals are three slap-jacks, one on the most. Triplett place. So we got directions from Sam Burns as to the roads to the Norton place - how to leave the Dixon road at the right turn and how to avoid getting out into the Main Prairie country. So we went on and in due time came to the Norton place. In this neighborhood we count six slapjacks but all are "two dashers" set fast to the south-west wind; no slapjack of the more aristocratic
 cont. p. 75.

- Power of flight in turkeys. F. B. 49:99.
- Habits of turkey. See Field Book in index sub animals and birds. See heading Turkeys in index no. 3 of Field Books.
- cf. Galton, F., Inquiries into Human Faculty, p. 191 (Wrightman's Library).

- Cont. from p. 74.
 kind, a four dasher with a tower and platform. However, I photographed a good type of the two-dasher with its band of sheep tread by the water pool. Probably all through this wide plain country, all treeless or nearly, there are many "two-dashers". It is an economic type which has survived: it costs little in lumber; it is inexpensive to put up; it is simple and highly efficient, lifting a lot of water, and costs very little for upkeep. And how wide and treeless and dreary is the plain stretching eastward. Love Gamett says the slapjacks about Dixon in early days were called "Ore-Lindus"? Why "Ore-Lindus"? No one knows. Perhaps it is sufficient to say: both homely and efficient.

Eucalyptus

The trees in our Eucalyptus grove were planted out as seedlings in 1877 as near as I can figure in my mind. Father brought home the seedlings in "flats" in the lumber wagon. They were planted rather closely (6 feet) with the idea of making a good windbreak.

This was the time of the blue gum "epidemic". Everyone planted a few trees and some planted a good many. The groves on the Williams ranch, ^{the Wilson ranch,} the fine grove at the Oiler (Jett) ranch were done at this period, as well as the somewhat solitary trees at Fares' ranch, Pigeon Point, Beeland Ranch and so on. Their great virtue in the minds of the settlers was that the growth would be rapid and the protection from wind or sun would not be far distant. "Out on the plains" too, about the same

time, or mostly ten or twenty years later, considerable groves in many ranches appeared - so that our country-side was transformed by this tall rank tree.

I myself never liked it - not from the beginning. Its peculiar young growth, so different from the adult foliage both in time and shape, interested me not a little and emphasized its unlikeness to our native trees that had a place in my heart. In our dry land the blue gum sucked the land drier still and in the course of the decades the well for the use of the house at Little Oak dried up. Then everyone had them, they became very common at once. I found no interest in their dull monotony - their evergreen foliage, the uniformly slender crowns. The annually shredding bark was again

peculiar - but to my eyes it made the trunk unsightly and ragged, and perpetually littered the ground with rubbish. Nothing can grow under or near them. They starve out the walnuts and locust trees which were planted before them and well established when the Blue Gums were still seedlings. Bird life in a Eucalyptine grove is almost nothing. Owls roost in the tops of the trees at Little Oak and a hawk occasionally alights on a high limb. At Jewett Grove, in 1918-1919, was the roosting place for a great flock of buzzards. I have not noticed these birds there recently.

Only when a Blue Gum tree develops alone does it become sometimes an interesting tree with an individual crown. Other species, when singly grown are likely to show more, often for more charm. - May 25, 1929.

- *Boreas penetrabilis frigus*. - Virgil.

There has been much north wind this winter - a great deal. On this trip to Little Oak, Feb. 10, 1929, a very hard wind has been going and very cold. When I reach Little Oak there is much damage to be seen in the way of fallen ^{of limbs} from the great trees in the Eucalyptus grove; a strong gale to be sure. The country is bright and sparkling under this wind, the Sierras lying under their covering of snow on the eastern horizon.

- History of theories of winds from earliest times to beginning of 17th Cent. E. M. Woodard. Mo. Weather Rev. vol. 49, no. 9 (1921).

The Mule.

- Sebastian de Aparicio, mule farmer. Chap. 2 of C. F. Lummis' *Flowers of an Lost Romance* (McMillan & Co.). Noticed in *Turning Topics*, Mar '30, p. 52.

- The younger Jepsen, the concrete man, told me of an incident: four mules being hauled grain to the rr. from the ranch. At the warehouse the mules became frightened by the train, run away, go up a bridge which curves over a railroad track, go down the other side, likely-split forwards, turn in at the ranch gate and finally come to a stand-still in the barnyard corral - not having broken a thing of the outfit, nor even scratched a fence, post or bridge on the way. Contrast a horse which collides with things on running away. - Apr. 16, 1930.

- Alamo School, built in 1854; moved in 1872 to Vacaville where it was used as the Campbellite Church, as it has been so used at Alamo Creek. These ~~dates~~ from an article in the Vacaville Reporter May 18, 1923. ^{see p. 102a}

- We children in my family, three sisters, two brothers, had each his riding horse, in particular to go to school. Some years, in those early days, was prevalent a horse trouble called "epizootic". We children were much aware when our horses had this because on bridling them the saliva would flow freely from their mouths. This experience went into our daily speech. One day we arrived home. We had met an old-time acquaintance of the family who was very effusive. My sister Mary was the lively one and she led in the telling: Oh, yes (she wound up), he slobbered all over us. [There are some persons who never heard of a teaspoon but who always use a gravy ladle].

- everything that had life he touched with a gentle hand but talk to it he must. - Giants in the Earth, by Rölvaag, p. 297.

- Where Per Hansa was, there dwelt high summer and there it bloomed for her, p. 225.

- In the dry still autumn days one sometimes saw far eastward over the plain of the Sacramento plain a wisp of a tale fire rising directly, straight up into the sky. And then a wonderful thing happened. As the thin column reached high cold strata the slender thread of smoke bubbled out, expanded into a great round billowy mass, no longer black like the thread below, but tumultuously sunny, dazzlingly white in the sunlight. Undoubtedly it was something of this sort which Vancouver saw behind the mountains in the back country, when he was somewhere opposite Point Reyes, "very dense clouds rising in a confused agitated state like volumes of steam from a boiling cauldron of great magnitude. See Vancouver Voyage, vol. 3, p. 322.

Dear Miss Harbison. — Oh you must not think she was any fool! The relations with the Williams were perfectly civil and even friendly. My parents never thought of the matter and would have been surprised that it should ever be thought worthy of comment. It was all settled before I came along, but I had a hint of it once when little and treasured it darkly. Only I did not know enough to ask questions about the things that would have made good stories. I play with Eric Williams and with Linn and Glenn Fare, but neither set satisfied my full instinct for play. These boys liked, too often preferred, to sit around and listen to the talk of grown-up boys. Why should one listen to stupid talk when there were the creeks and hills to explore, and any number of games to play? I liked best to go down the Brock Lane where lived a farm laborer with a perfectly prodigious family. The children came along with the regularity of clock work. Being so many of them there were, naturally, two boys of about my own age. I loved to play with them because they had all sorts of new games and variations of old ones. My family did not like to have me go down there and debated the question very seriously. This laborer's family was accounted "low down" and moreover was part Digger Indian. But I got on capitally with them and made for the old shack where they lived at

* see p. 86.

every opportunity. For one thing, these boys with their Indian instinct for the wild were perfectly clean-minded, which was not true of the other boys, and then besides, these part Indian lads never quoted Biblical texts at me to my disadvantage as did the Fare boys who were put up to this trick by "old Marika". I did not, however, dislike the Bible, but the contrary. The resonant singing passages of the Psalms appealed strongly as did the oratorical verses. Whatever taste I have for the English tongue owes a great deal to the memorizing of the King James version — a well of strong and virile English. It was apparently a social diversion of my family to attend occasionally the "revival" meetings of some church other than their own when a famous preacher came along. So one evening I found myself in the old College chapel where the Baptists were staging something. All the children from three to ten years were being lined up on the stage to say "I love Jesus." The worst little devils in the town were active in this exercise. One boy came to me repeatedly with his "Don't you love Jesus?" I stood fast, saying nothing, and looking resolutely to the front. Then he plucked my sleeve. Let me be said I or I'll hit you! He backed off and reported to another boy who came and wheedled "won't you come to Jesus?" I thrust back at him: "Switched if I will!" The boy instantly reported to the Minister whose horror

as he looked in my direction was doubtless not feigned. It was an odd reply for me, because little or older, I have always had an aversion to expletives, though not on religious grounds. But I was provoked, and little as I was, I had an instinctive dislike of that thing since known to us in later days as "the gang". What did we call it in that day when a group were "very thick"?

That night as the carriage horses trotted home on the hard road a full moon flooded the valley. Hearing the hinge gate the wind was rising - the blessed southwest wind after a hot day - and joyfully I heard the slap-jack creaking as it lifted the life-giving water. That meant that on the morrow I should not have to pump water for the cattle by hand, and with a glad heart I climbed the friendly tower to oil the bearings ^{happily to find} where the wind blew and to see the Pleiades glitter in the sky - all the Church doings gone from my mind, brushed away as nothing more than a cobweb. And the grand old slap-jack went on with his good song - merrily as I thought in good time - and no longer with creaks of complaint or wailing.

- Mar. 28, 1928.

Dear Miss Harrison.

There were some days during that two months period of fence-building in October and November when it was most marvelous to be in the open air - the great lazy clouds covering us with dark shadows whence we looked out into the lambent sunshine that made the upper valley so soft and tender. One sparkling day - a blue sky overhead - gave distance everywhere to the horizon of cumulus clouds banded on the Sierra Nevada for a full two hundred miles - banded in horizon ranks higher than I had ever seen before with a play of grandeur in their upward movement that I should have liked to watch - but there was no time for that because my men were always needing attention - and the days were flying by.

Thus there were some other compensations. So I wrote to Mrs. Harrison a few days ago the place and the occupation stirred memories of childhood - delightful memories of slap-jack days. As I went to sleep I could see again the long files of animals coming into water at the slap-jack in the hot summer days. And when there was no wind and my father was away we children pumped water by hand. It is interesting to think of the mostly fruitless devices we schemed to keep away outside cattle from the drinking troughs because it was endlessly worrying to us little fellows to pump

water for our own cattle. And so we learned to hate the Williams' mules. We discovered a lightning quickness in their heels that came as a distinct surprise - for we at home knew only horses. Stones, sticks, whips were useless - we were too little and the mules knew it. The Williams were always indifferent about trespass upon us. They were our cousins but since they were quite ashamed of us, the relationship was never acknowledged. I cannot tell you just why they were humiliated by the connection. I never knew as a child. The matter had been settled before I came along and was no longer spoken of. I did know that the fact of it was accepted like some natural law - like the rising of the sun over the Sierras, or the flow of the ocean trades into the hot valley in the heat of summer time. For one thing we were not clever; there was only one of us that was at all clever; and my sister Frankie who had the most brains was not in the least clever. On the other hand the Williamses were all precociously clever and well satisfied. Then again they owed us money which was never paid - at least there was a moral obligation. That helped to make them ashamed of us. Finally we were not Samboillites and therefore beyond the pale.

As I went to sleep at Little Oak there came back memories pictures

of the four-horse wagons with a "back-action" straining under the heavy loads brought all the way from Main Prairie - lumber for the fence-building, twenty-four foot planks of Oregon Pine. I could hear again the drivers calling to the teams, the jangle of the trace-chains, the heavy crunch of the wagons. And then as the home ranch neared, the horses seemed to sense the warmth; they took on fresh life and vigor; and it was difficult to out-span them, so eager were they to get to the slap-jack for water. So the ranch became fenced all around and the Williams mules were shut out; and the slap-jack at Little Oak tended only the home cattle.

Six months ago I had never thought especially of the slap-jack. Talking about it with my neighbors was in the interval surrounded it with much local interest. It was the nerve-center of the ranches in its day. It supplied the all-essential water and without it many ranches would not have been. As a child of five or six, looking eastward on the Great plains one saw slap-jacks scattered here and there with little else to break the monotony of the level. One of the wonderful things that comes back from those days is a mirage in mid-August - away out on the

plain, many many miles away - a slap-jack stood high in the air - lifted far above the ground by the refraction of the atmosphere.

Please give my happiest remembrances to all the family. And forget not, please, the slap-jack!

Sincerely Yours, Willis Linn Jepsen
To Miss Julia Karbison, Vacaville.

Dec. 16, 1929.

- on my trip to Little Oak this ninth day of March, 1928, the new grass is very high, scarcely a tree in the orchard is showing sign of bursting buds, but the world is heavy with dew and on this sunny morning there is an unreal glamour in the scene creating a wondrous kind of beauty - the light that was never on earth or sea.

Of the native things, the Buckeye is in full leaf, and the Elderberry, *Sambucus glauca*, nearly

so. It is a glad world.

- on Sept. 8 I went to Little Oak: there was a three day blow from the southwest, an old fashioned affair. at night the roar of the wind in the tops of the tall trees was highly impressive, its different tones and cadences, often rising into prolonged and even more threatening of things fearful and calamitous. - 1928.

- Today again at Little Oak, Sept. 22.

The country, after a North wind, has fallen quiet and is now resting. No air stirs, the great trees stand motionless. All the land is hushed, as if its very breathing were not to be heard; ^{as if Time itself stood still.} It is a strangely changed world. The atmosphere is dusky, dust-laden, faintly yellowish and dull, mountains, hills and groves and valley level; only faintly seen

as if like a picture washed with some dull color and thus only faintly visible. This little world seems changed because half-shrouded. A half-uncanny dullness, a dull veiling; a little unreal, a little uncomfortable. This ^{landscape} (effect) is very different from the ^{one} caused when the valleys and hills and plain are drowned in blue smoke-haze. Here there is something of beauty, a great deal of mystery and challenging shades of color. In the former case the country ~~seems~~ ^{is} shrouded in colors that suggest ^{neutral} an uneasy mysticism. - Sept. 1929.

- Old Songs. - The author of Rock-a-Bye Baby has just died. I recalled the words from childhood and now for days the hummed tune has been unconsciously going through my lips. How much of old savor it recalls. - 1-20-40.

- James McBrory says: I went to School at San Jose in the fifties. The Santa Clara Valley, like the other valleys near the bay of San Francisco, was full of Black Mustard. All the sedimentary valleys (flood plain valleys) had Black Mustard. There was very little farming in those valleys in the very early days. - Aug. 28, 1928.

May Day.

- See a pretty note in F.B. 3:97 (1900).
- Field experiences in general. See index to Jepson Field Books, especially index volume 3.
- Camp Lore, See Field Book Index no. 1.
- May Day celebrated among bees, Field Book, 3:97.
- "To do observance to a morn of May":
- Midsummer Nights Dream, Act. 1, Sc. 1,
line 167.
- Spring time description. cf. F.B., 45:151.

To Mrs. Helen Harbison. - Nearly all my week-ends for two months this fall were spent on the Little Oak ranch fence-building. The occupation and the place recalled many things to my mind and I reflected upon some of your comments on men and events. In particular, your statement that a certain old-time family was quite lacking in good principles stirred childhood memories of my own. To the east of us, in those early days, lived a number of rough men. Adcock was one of them. He would run off a pig, or a calf from your herd, and defend possession with fire-arms. One time he extended a fence-line a 100 feet or more over a neighbor's land. This land-owner, Creath Hawkins, came to protest. Adcock fired a rifle at him, but breath was not hit, because Frank Williams, standing by, stuck up the rifle barrel as Adcock took aim and fired. It is to me remarkable that all these years I have preserved a picture of Adcock in

-Cont. from top of p. 95. Yesterday the great clouds were localized; Dunn's Point in mid-afternoon stood in bright sunshine, enhanced by looking to it from a darkened world at Little Oak.

-Cont. from p. 92. the recesses of my mind. Such events of Adcock's violence as I witnessed make an indelible impression on the ^{sensitive brain} mind of a child; it is there to stay. Now it is interesting to reflect, that, as a child, I put the Dobbins in the same category as the lawless men to the east of us. My family never had "trouble" with the Dobbins; and as I grew a bit older I realized vaguely that our community did not classify a Dobbins with an Adcock, but I did! I am rather proud of that! Last summer there was passed about in the town an ancient revolver as a curiosity. I did not see it because of lack of interest in such relics; but this was the "gun" with which Johnny Walker shot Jeff Dobbins. Johnny Walker was not his real name, but he was so called

— This morning is quite clear but large clouds gather in the west by late afternoon and the lighting effects between the hills are very wonderful. Perhaps only half-a-dozen such days come in a year. — The clear lambent air so freshly cleaned after the storm, the newly green hills with the dark oaks on their smooth surface, the blue mountains beyond, the clouds forming curtains which control the lighting — exquisite picture of the country — ^{making an} ~~the~~ day.
 Nov. 21, 1927. This morning we have a brilliant clear sky with a very slight north breeze. As the morning wears on the banks of cumulus clouds lie over the far Sierra Nevada in varied grandeur, one bank rising above another to heights of glory, great heaps of white pines higher, one here, ^{where} another down there, they seem to say: Here am I, ^{Godante!} ~~Godante!~~ "This, then, is Jahos". "Look this way for Carson Pass". And swinging far round to the north goes the great line, pointing ^{towards Shasta}, for southwards, pointing ^(leading to Whitney). The great plain is ^(leading) set this day in wide-spread loneliness and its far-reaching immensity is encircled eastwards by the cloud mountains resting in imposing

array on the great Sierra Nevada. — Nov. 22, 1927. Cont. p. 93.

— When a cloud rests on Diablo's cap there is going to be rain. — Folk saying, from Mrs. Wainford, Nov. 1927.

— The North wind roars in the tops of the great trees at Little Oak, its roar sounding over the level plain of the ranch some distance eastward. Yet at the ground there is slight ^{air} movement — and I notice the mill, protected by the trees, does not turn its fans. This quiet blow is not a stillness, but is enough to free the breath from the great aromatic earth below.

— Nov. 1925.

— In high foggy weather it is a sign of clearing when the sun ^{shines} breaks through to Dunn's Point.

— Vidal Peña, in speaking of the great stretches of land that belong to the Vaca and Peña grant said that a small piece (320 A) on Putah Creek was allotted to Jose Peña who had no grant. — Oct. 1927.

* "small"!

The Slap-Jack

In early days, when I was, say four or five years old, the whole plains country east of us was wide open. After harvest the cattle and horses and mules of the whole country ran over the plains in common. Often great bands would come into the watering troughs at the home ranch with our own stock. If it were still weather, the slap jack pumped no water. Moreover it took considerable wind to turn a slap-jack, unlike the modern steel mill which makes more than one revolution of the fan to one stroke of the pump. During these quiet weeks we had to pump water for the stock by hand; my little sisters did it until their arms ached, before I grew old enough to move a pump handle. So each day we eagerly watched the slap jacks out towards Canon station to see if there was wind there. If so it was sure to reach us by the afternoon.

My sisters were too young to separate out our stock from the other stock. It was difficult even for a man; and such trials occurred when father was away in the harvest. Of all the outside animals

how my sisters hated the Williams mules. Then came the days when the ranch was fenced, at great expense, against these intruders. - Oct. 15, 1927.

- The slap-jack was the only mill for lifting water in early days. They were cheaply and easily made and very effective. Selecman, east of Elmira, made many of them. That country out towards Main Prairie was full of slap-jacks. - James McBrory, Aug. 28, 1928.

- Slap Jack Days. Vaca Valley, cf. Field Book, p. 478 (1926).

The Slap-Jack

All over the plains country were the slap-jacks. The present day sheep fortunes owed their beginnings to the slap-jack. The Muzzys; Old Joe Glide, as Mrs. Harrison called ^{him}; the Garnetts, — all rest back on the Slap-jack. The wind blew; the slap-jack creaked; the thirsty sheep were watered in the long narrow troughs which were laid end to end. When wind was steady, the troughs soon over-flowed and the water ran over the field, forming shallow shingles of water on the dusty level. There was no more characteristic sight than this. — Oct. 1927.

— Vaca Valley. cf. F.B. 43:478.

The Mule

— cf. F.B. 43:466.

— Mahomet's favorite white mule was Daddah. — Brown, Diet. Phrase and Fable, p. 869.

Every boy should be brought to box. It makes him sweat his temples, respect his opponent and gives him a good solid confidence in himself without brumptions. When John D. Sullivan was presented to King Edward then the Prince of Wales he said "I'm proud to meet you. I've often heard of you. When you come to Boston be sure and look me up".

Gophers at Little Oak. — There are calm quiet Indian Summer days at Little Oak. A great bush lies on the plain and it is very still. Today while at the wind-mill I heard noises, a little as of birds, off in the walnut grove. But as I listened it seemed nearer, then far away. While pondering my eyes caught the motion of straw on the ground — straw moving as if being lifted or noosed up from beneath. Then the ground was broken; a gopher's nose appeared; and finally he stuck his head out and looked round. Then popped down again. He repeated this a good many times and then it was clear the noises we had been hearing came

from beneath the ground and were made by the gopher or by the young. It was a little like the complaining of young birds or a little like small pups, but a somewhat muffled dull sound, rather than sharp or piercing. The next day I heard the sounds again more plainly; this time by the fence near the mill. — Oct. 9, 1927.

Cont. from p. 93. because Mrs. Sid Walker had taken her brother's child "to raise". Some persons might say I barely escaped being his relative. However he was no relation at all to me, though his half-brother was my cousin. Still, in spite of the fact that he was a wild and probably worthless young scapegrace, I would certainly with great pride, have claimed him as a relation anyway, if he had only killed Jeff Dobbin. That would have been a real service to society. Of all "bad men" that I knew as a child, Jeff was the most odious and the foulest. How far away all that seems — and how long since I have thought of it! Dec. 3, 1927. W.L. Jackson.

— There was often trouble about boundary lines. Old Adcock, a rough and turbulent character deliberately moved his fence over a number of rods on his south boundary and the neighbor did not dare protest since Adcock always went armed. I think Adcock also moved his fence over on the north line. There was no plausible excuse, except force, for such action, since Adcock was in a district where the land was under government survey, — quarter sections. — Oct., 1927.

One day Creath Hawkins went to Adcock to protest the fence situation. Adcock raised his rifle to shoot him. Frank Williams who was standing by struck up the rifle and the bullet passed harmlessly over Creath's head. Creath never came back. — Nov. 10, 1928.

- W. W. Smith. Portrait of him (as advertisement) in Pac. Rur. Press, 23 Oct. 1886. He is running for Congress. He looks as raw as he was.
- James William Bryson Reynolds, M.D., an old-time family physician. An excellent physician, but probably not so keen at making his way. His standing as a physician in the profession was high. I find his name in W. B. Atkinson's "Physicians and Surgeons of the U. S." (1878). He was born in 1817 in ? Virginia.

- Everyday Things in Am. Life, W. C. Langdon. (5 critics'). 1607-1776.

The Saur.

- *noctis gallicinio venit quidam juvenis*.
Andrews, Stat. D. C. 669.
- The Zodiacal Light. of Sci. clipping.

- Cont. from Bottom p. 45. From such stories were derived the proverbs: "Money makes the mare go", "One stone is better than a load of grass", "Don't brag until you get there".

"A flying bee beats her wings about 200 times a second." - Science, Supplem. Dec. 3, 1837.

- Old Arculus Hawkins, "Pop Hawkins" was a remarkable and individualistic pioneer of the sturdy rugged type. He came in with oxen in early days and attempted to settle on Sweeney Creek. Sweeney attempted to drive him off and Hawkins said: "Let's fight for it." So they fought and Sweeney was triumphant. Hawkins then came on down to Blatin Creek and tried to settle in the plains towards Elmira. But his oxen and cattle kept wandering up to a water hole in the creek west and Hawkins disgusted said to his wife. It's too much trouble going after the oxen all the time. We will move up to them. which they did. And so, as Hawkins proudly claimed he got the finest ranch in northern Soling
- as a result of being licked by Sweeney! He told this himself. The Hawkins ranch is a very fine ranch, and splendidly situated.

Old Pop was very religious and a great reader of the Bible. His Bible under his arm he went to religious gatherings ready to dispute doctrinal points. He was an elder of the Campbellite Church, helped to build the church at the Slaves bridge, often preached and married couples. He was also a great fighter of the

rough and ready type. Tradition tells of a fight with an utter stranger, a transient, on the streets of Vacaville, who had, doubtless inadvertently spit on the old man.

But he was above all an ardent Campbellite. Late in life he was taken in by a gold-brick Campbellite who on the county road relieved the old man of some four hundred dollars. His children were quite worthless and squandered the rich farms he gave them. Arculus Jr. died young and may have been an exception; he had a son, Chauncy who is now a preacher and is this summer on the Chatanga circuit in the East, having lectured one day at Dix on a few weeks or months ago.

Old Arculus, in his hey-day, was the largest landowner, of rich land, in the town of Vacaville. He was a very unusual type of rugged strength. Yet he lies in Vacaville cemented in an unmarked grave, none of his unweary descendants having troubled to place a stone over the remains of this honest and sturdy pioneer. — July 13, 1917. The first of James McCrory.

The Slap-Jack

101

The Slap-jack, the four-armed windmill was a feature of the landscape in early days; every ranch had one. This mill was a definite type. The fan was set on an axis which was borne on a circular table held high in air on a 4-posted frame. As the axis revolved it lifted once with each revolution of the fan the shaft that ran down to the ^{perpendicular} Douglas pump. The table at top rested on a similar platform. The axis ran out into a long ^{iron} wooden tail with a rope hanging from it. With this you set the fan to the wind by pulling it around like a turn table.

When the wind was high the shaft acted with great rapidity, strained the structure a great deal and we pulled the tail around, setting the

fan off the wind a bit. One of my keenest memories as a child is seeing my father run to turn the mill a bit when the sound of its laboring became a great noise in our land.

The slap-jack was a life-giver to the ranch. All the cattle, all the horses came to the long troughs to drink in the hot weather. Also the sheep and pigs. There were no tanks or reservoirs in those days and when long quiet days came our children had to pump for the thirsty cattle until our shoulders ^{by hand} ached. What was worse, the country was wide-open; great bands of horses and cattle ran in common; and all these "foreign" cattle came in to drink with our own. Before I grew up my sisters had no means of driving away these trespassers. Now I remember their hatred of the ^{the} Williams mules!! - Oct. 27.

Jas. McCreary says. - Threats were made to tear down the college building of the W.E. Church South at Vacaville by Union sympathizers during the war. A party of soldiers from Benicia Barracks came to Vacaville, but a student put an American flag out of the window and the soldier's squad cheered it - and let the building alone. This action ^{of the flag} ^{raised} the ire of the majority of the students who threatened to put up a Confederate flag but did not. However, the building was burned shortly afterward by the Unionists. - July 12, 1917, Vacaville.

- A social party of prominent Green Valley and Suisun Valley people was held at the home of the Darwolds. It was said by the Unionists to have been a sedition meeting in celebration of the killing of Lincoln and several of the most prominent and well-known of these Valley men were arrested and held prisoners by the military at Benicia Barracks for some time. - July 12, 1917, Vacaville.

- Religious feeling ran very high. There was great popular interest in creeds. The points of creeds were ardently debated. The two chief sects were South Methodist and Campbellite. A Campbellite such as "Pap" Hawkins used go to a Methodist meeting with his bible under his arm and in the midst of service

102^B challenge a statement made by the preacher. This was not considered improper, so lively and eager was the interest in theological questions. The Campbellites held that you "do" religion, that you performed certain acts (among which was immersion) and that you were then of the church. The Methodists held to an emotional awakening and that the amount of water at baptism was immaterial. There was a great debate held in the oaks on the ^{place} ~~Utah~~ Creek above the Dobbin^s in 1860. The debate was by day and alternate preachers of the two sects at night. This was a camp-meeting. The great lights on the Methodist side were Jober (the Keenest and quickest of all) and 3 others.

The Campbellite leaders were Pandegast, a very smart man, & Quetuckle, commonly known as Stormy John. Another feared antagonist was Ben Johnson who preached stirring doctrinal sermons 2 1/2 hours long and was listened to with rapt attention. Everyone was keenly interested. -
July 12, 1917, Vacaville.

Main Prairie.

103

- Once a metropolis for northern Solano. All produce from Berryessa Valley either went to Napa or to Solano. If it came to Solano I went to Main Prairie. All lumber for building came from that direction. - James McCreary, Sept. 1927.
Main Prairie.

The Cultivated Trees.

- Fig Trees - Mission stock. The wood is said to be fragrant. See F.B. 3:55.
- The Mulberry. The Locust. The Fabiana. The Tamarisk. The Black Walnut. The Tree of Hearn. The Poplar of Lombardy. The Quince. The Okander. The Pomegranate. [There is a book on the Locust. See general index U.C. library.] [See also p. 30, Happy Days at Little Oak ranch.] Black Locust Tree (Pop. Sci. Mo. Mar. 1906, p. 211. See separate in botany file). C.A. white.
- "The" Little Oak tree has grown into a beautiful tree touching the ground on one side. That huge apple tree up near the road was in bloom and what a picture it made. Positively beautiful. There are quite a number of really beautiful trees on the ranch. One forgets or fails to notice as time passes on." - Helen Hendricks Franklin, in litt. 4-17-'39.

In early days there was no such thing as lawns or green grass. But on the hard-beaten dry soil about every door came up the "Door Grass", *Polygonum aviculare*. The "yard" was hoed clean of weeds and foxtail, the spring growth, and after this came up the door grass. It made a bright green mat which was welcome to the eye and it was always spared. Sometimes it was very dense, making a soft carpet underfoot. Later in the summer the green turned into the larch-like copper-brown tones. Also called wire grass and yard grass.

Alamo Creek

The creek bottom no great playground. See F. B. 22:88. What's once a branch of it.

Fire

The crackling powder-like aridity of the land in summer.

"He shall kindle a burning like the burning of a fire." "It kindleth in the thickets of the forest and they shall mount up like the lifting smoke." —
Quotation from Cal. Region News Bull. Nov. 1939.

— When the elder Pleasants arrived in Pleasant Valley his eldest son was 12 or 13 years old. They came by way of Sacramento and a horse was left behind at that place, which was then Sutter's Fort. This boy was sent back to get this horse. He walked to Sutter's Fort and rode the horse back! Later he was sent to Benecia to get a setting of eggs, in order that they might get a start! — and he brought with him such seed as he could find there — a few seeds of this and that, cuttings, etc. — This memorandum I have from Mrs. Lila McKinney, — 9 July '17.

When the early settlers came in they were influenced in choice of location by the presence of water for their cattle. The value of the land, one sort as compared with another was not well-known. It had not been tried out. Many settlers believed crops could not be raised on account of the dry summers. So it was that rich land like the Dixon ridge was for some time passed over. — Gas, the very July 13, 1917.

1046. termination of the [Cont. from p. 202a].
The incident re. Jud Williams, given me by
Mrs. McKinney, did not prevent Jud from
expressing his feelings regarding the
Southern Confederacy. One day the whole
family drove around the school corner
from their ranch and lo and behold
there was Jud dancing a jig on the
loose board on the school-house plat-
form and yelling: "Hurrah, Hurrah, Old
He is dead!" They questioned him
and sure enough found that news
had arrived of the assassin-
ation of Lincoln. So far did
feeling go with the young generation
at that time! Lincoln was not
generally judged in the large by the
masses, as now. He was a war Presi-
dent and he performed many illegal
acts, such as imprisonment without
trial or charge, which could only
be held justified by military necessity
or condoned by the success in a
large way of his whole adminis-
tration. Many persons had personal
grievances and these swayed their
whole judgment. Jud, a boy, was
simply under the influence of war-time
feeling. - July 9, 1917.

The Mule.

105

"He's the old mule that is the most reliable
thing in the army. You can pack him, drive
him, ride him, starve him, beat him and
neglect him - do all sorts of things to
him that you can't do to an automobile -
and he is always there as long as he has
four legs to stand on." - S. F. Journal, Dec.
19, 1922. - General John J. Pershing.

- See Colonel Sellers in Mark Twain's *Gilded Age*.

- cf. Andrews, *Latin Dict.* p. 974.

- cf. Pac. Rev. Press, Sept. 8, 1923, p. 234. (also clipping)

- cf. Field Book, F. B. 45:423. Also 3:169.

- cf. Jepson Corr. 21:187.

- cf. T. B. Bartlett, *Personal Narrative of Explor-
ations in Texas, N. Mex., Cal., etc.*, 2:127.

- In early days, mules were sometimes used as
carriage horses. The Butcher family drove to church
behind mules. The hitching fence was on sloping
ground and Mr. Butcher simply drove up, tied the
mules to the fence, the mules settled into their
collars with feet braced and held the
grainy weight of the carriage during the whole
of church service. When my family drove up to
hind horses, we blocked the rear wheels with
a stone or chunk of wood, so that our horses sat
during the 2 hrs. wait. My father exclaimed:
See those mules: they will hold that carriage
until the end of church without moving a muscle.
 doubtless our brakes were put on, but brakes
may not have been a part of the equipment of
the Butcher carriage, or may not have been
sufficient to set or lock the wheels. I believe
came to think of it, there was no notch on
most carriages. The patient steadiness of the
mule! I can still see those mules standing fast.

- James McBray says: Willow Point was out east of Main Prairie, a little to the north but in Solano Co. In early days we drove cattle to the mines and sold them for ^{gold} beef. We had to drive them through the tule and when we got them started there was no heading them off - we followed along behind in ^{many} file with the tules high on either hand. We got across the Sacramento River by the Willow Point ferry. There was a man by the name of Restinger who kept the ferry. One of these great Texas steers got frightened and went charging about on the ferry and Restinger became frightened and jumped off into the river and swam ashore. Everybody ^{long} plan to stop in in Cal. They thought to ^{that} make their pile in the mines and go home after two or three years.

The land eastward from the Rio de los Pintos grant and southward to the river was claimed as a grant by one Lanko or Laco or Luko. Bob Allison associated himself with Luko, but Luko's claims were not confirmed. If they had been Allison, who backed him, would have gotten a lot of land at 50 cents an acre. - Aug. 29, 1927.

The climate suits me admirably, dry and warm, with a sort of aromatic fragrance exhaling from the baked earth and filling my senses with a kind of curative sweetness. As the eye roams over the 200-acre level of the Little Oak Ranch there is revealed plenty to do in the way of exercise, but I stop frequently to study again the curving oak-dotted slopes of the surrounding foothills which I have looked at, no less, ten thousand times before.

Last night a great owl, grey and white, that lives at Little Oak, flew amongst the trees and lighted for a bit on a fence post in the first twilight when I had a good look at his eyes like two young moons. This morning the field larks are singing in the edge of the stubble, the woodpeckers are noisy in the ^{wheat} ^{tops} edge of the trees and I can hear the cry of the sparrow-hawks as they go about their business. It seems to me that I shall go back to the fog blanket with not a little reluctance.

Nearly every morning I see fog on Mt. Diablo, or over Suisun Bay. On the morning of July 30, ¹⁹²⁷, the fog is very heavily banked over Diablo and extending well inland beyond Diablo. A beautiful thin veils of fog, lies like a necklace in the clear air of the early morning, before sunrise, over the Carguipa Hills. There is none over the Vaca Mountains.

The mornings are beautiful, clear, fairly cool, quiet stillness over the country side. The southwest wind may stir a little in the hours before noon, but about 1 or 2 or 2:30, it begins to rise and continues steadily. It may fall dead at sunset and remain quiet all night or, if high, may blow into the night until about midnight. This night wind has fine

sounds. The roar of it is running water like rushing water, like roaring water, and best of all the sounds trail off into falling water like millions of silvery rain drops. - Aug. 3, 1927.

- In November or later, in high foggy weather it is a sign of clearing when the sun breaks through to Dunn's Point. - Nov. 1927.

- The men who worked in the harvest were mostly transient laborers but occasionally there would be other men. One day father employed a man who said he knew how to harness and drive a team. His curious walk seized my boyish attention and I followed and watched him. When told to harness a span he put the collar upside down which as a lead I found ridiculously funny. However, little fellow that I was, I stood by him, gave him directions and he finally got harnessed up without being dis-charged. However when he tried to drive through a gate, he ran the wagon into the gate post, broke off the post and did serious damage. My father stared at him, but since he was in the field allowed him to go under the banner sport. I was so little that no one saw me or paid any attention, so when I stood giving him directions while the (Cont. p. 204).

* If one can only pick this sound out from the others it is ineffably sweet and charming.

Wednesday, July 27, there was a display of lightning, in the evening, the flashes coming from the northwest over the Magdalena Hills. The next day, ^{July 28,} thunder clouds filled the sky and towards mid-day there were repeated claps and rolls of thunder. One or two * fires were set on the valley level towards the Vaca-Oxon substation. It is said ^{some time ago} that Max Brazelton reported a brush fire in the Vaca Mountains set by lightning. Frank Dickie says there is a Cattawood tree on Alamo Creek a little above his place, the trunk of which is scored by lightning. - Aug. 3, 1927. Little Oak.

- The summer hills. P. B. 3319.

Migration of the Wild Geese. I never tired of watching their battalions in the sky - the military precision of their flight, the perfection of their wedge-shaped formation. Not infrequently one saw the leader drop back several files and the one next in rank move up into his place. Then too one might see a goose drop away from the line entirely and move out laterally,

* "Several", it was said.

calling as if lost, and joining another company in the midst of the herd.

- As I drive down the east lane towards Elvira, ^{just at early twilight} I see a great barn owl seated on a post of the orchard fence. He is a large fellow, grayish and in parts very whitish, with large eyes shining like two moons. He flew almost immediately. He lives in the tops of the great Blue Gums at Little Oak. I take it that the owls, several of which seated themselves after dusk, on the fire-killed branches of the Locust Trees, were ^{this} young ones, but I did not notice them sharply, expecting to see them again.

Ground Owls, I saw yesterday, a little westerly from Main Prairie.

They seemed fairly common in one spot. - Aug. 3, 1927, Little Oak.

- The wild geese flew high on their southward flight. In the long dry fall, the Great Valley brown and sere, I judge they did not stop much, but went straight through. Certainly at the rate they were flying it probably did not take them above seven or eight hours to clear the Great Valley. In other years when the valley was green they stopped in great numbers.

112 Coyotes in Vaca Valley.

- Vidal Peña tells me that he was 24 years old before he saw a coyote and then, not in Solano, but in Contra Costa Co. Later he saw them about Lagoon where he lived. Frank Dickie says that (in very recent years) a few coyotes roam through this lower Vaca Valley country. One morning early he saw a coyote going towards the hills from Frank Williams' way. Miss Julia Harbison says that a coyote has occasionally been seen in their back field which is about opposite second Rocky Peak. - Aug. 3, 1927.

- Frank Dickie knew coyotes long ago on his father's old home ranch, now Cement. He says they range to the tules. - Aug. 3, 1927.

- Coyote, The. Yosemite Nature Notes, 8: 33 (1929).

- Coyotes increase as lions decrease. Cal. Rancher, vol. 2, no. 26, - 5-27-'32

- Mountain Coyote (Yosemite Nature Notes, 15:11).

113

- Old Pap Hawkins liked to talk doctrinal points of the tenets of his church - the Campbellite or Christian. He went around with his Bible under his arm, ready to cite chapter and verse in defense of his argument. He hated dreadfully to see any one join any other church. He heard that Mrs. Bill Gamble, at Elcira, intended to join the Methodist (South) Church. He went to her at once, his Bible with him. I have this story from Mrs. James McCrory who says that he persecuted or diverted Mrs. Gamble at the moment, but that eventually she did join the Methodist Church. - Aug. 3, 1927, Little Oak.

- "Old Pap" was an example of the tough agricultural stock that worked their farms with "the solidarity and unbending pride which other families might bestow on genealogy or name" (Spr. Rep. 2-7-29).

Coyotes in the Areguipa Hills

- Frank Gonzalez has within a week killed 5 coyotes (cubs) in the hills above Chandler Cañon, in 2 hunts, 5 shots fired in all! Coyotes have killed his sheep a little and one night they got 11 lambs.

As a small lad I never heard of coyotes in the Areguipa Hills and I am sure if there had been any there it would have been noticed about. The Foree boys, our nearest neighbors, had much sport going up the creek (Alamo) to see come with their dogs as to dig out badgers. They were, all but one, older than I, but I knew of their doings and never heard of coyotes. It is said that coyotes have followed the sheep into this country. For 25 or 30 years there has been no sheep in this vicinity, but before that Butcher had sheep and I remember his great sheep-fold on the hill about where the Marine house later stood. - Aug. 3, 1927.

The Sparrow Hawk.

As I was mending fences at the corner of the orchard near the old melon patch, a hawk flew southerly out over the stubble field a hundred yards, poised in air with vibrating wings on the southward wing, stopped for a second with outspread ^{motionless} wings as if floating, went on vibrating, repeated the floating for a second, went on vibrating, suddenly sailed off southerly (at right angles to the wind) 50 yards, poised vibrating again, the wings stop, he drops suddenly to earth almost beneath him, appears to seize something and rises and stalks away for the orchard flying with the direct wing action. - Aug. 3, 1927, Little Oak.

The sparrow hawk which, for long, I have not seen at Little Oak are now back again - Aug. 3, 1927.

- "Vaca", 2870 ft., see Vacaville Reporter, 7 Mt. Oct. 10, 1941,
- Creek bottom of the Alamo. F.B. 22:88, 89.

- Seq. Nat. Park Circular Feb. 20, 1924.
- Today on Main st., in Vacaville, in front of a shop, a bob-cat crunched in a packing ^{box} cage with a grating over it. The animal is extremely clean-looking with quite well-defined marking. Over the silver-gray coat run black bands, very narrow, arched over the forehead and back between the ears, also over the sides of the head. His eyes are very large and very bright; his ears large and tipped with a very fine pencil of black hairs; the back is light-colored, with the tips of the hairs black. His front feet were in plain view (as he always faces me, growling ferociously, with the air of an irate tiger) and very powerful. He was caught in a trap on "Blue Mt.", that is Vaca Mt. - Dec. 16, 1927.

- Frank Dickey says: "Often 12 horses on a ^{stationary} power outfit to run a threshing machine in the old days. The driver ^{sat in} the center, cracked his whip, and away they went. A header had 4 horses, a 12-foot six ^{10-foot}. Saw 200 wild pigeons on the Winchell place below Pigeon Point a year ago. Bud Long caught Salmon Trout this year in the Ukiah Creek." - May 21, 1927.

- I spoke about the great flock of Blackbirds in older days - mostly in the fall, migrating at night back to the tules. Frank Dickey remarks the air as black with them for miles. Says, as a boy, he once shot a rifle into a flock, many and many a time, interested by the fact that a bird never fell. Since these were chance shots all, not aimed, the results must have been that on the doctrine of actual probability no bird would be killed except once in, say, a 1000 times. The bird's body is very small and the bullet may easily have passed through a wing. - Sept. 1928.

- went to day to Taca Valley. Vidal
Pera says the Spanish in the valley
called the ground owls Tocalote.
He referred to the old-time pass into
Lagoon Valley from Suicum way as
Brounson Pass, but Brounson was a
late dweller there, 1840-93 say. Vidal's
grandfather was Juan Felipe Pera.
I drove to the old Markham place
in southeastern Lagoon. Orchards
have been planted there now and
the brown hollow in the hills,
- a corner of the valley - looks
differently from the old days. How-
ever the smooth flowing hills
are the same. There were two
places near together in old time
in that corner: Markham's and
Suicum. Westward from there and on
the old stage road through
Brounson Pass is the Sackett
place - the Sackett Inn of old-
time stage days. There was

a well of very cold and very good
water which was famous all the
way to Monterey, - to San Diego,
indeed, I think Vidal said. I knew
the Markham place as the Radcliff
ranch; a son of the elder Rad-
cliff lives there now. The old
Markham home burned down four
years ago about. There is a spring
in the cañon just behind the
house and a sulphur spring
above that. We next went to
the old Rivera house; its adobe
walls 2 ft. thick are covered by
old-fashioned weather-boarding.
Vidal showed me an old iron
axle - made in Chili - brought to
California - used in the old-
fashioned ^{72-wheeled} ox-cart to transport
wheat to Sacramento in the very
early days. The Rivera place
was built in 1842 as near as
Vidal can figure. Two Americans

who married into the Perra family, were given land in Vaca Valley, extending from the old Long place ("Becktown") near to Vacaville in return for roofing two adobes.

These two were Patton and Lyon. I was told at the Radcliff place that Myrie Robbins, daughter of R. D. Robbins (she is now married), visited the old Markham place before the house was burnt and took pictures. - May 21, 1927.

The old stage road went along east side* of Lagoon Valley from Brownson pass n. and at the n.e. corner passed between a hill and the main Gegriffe ridge over a divide then through Lagoon Pass to Vacaville. The first Spanish settlers had a temporary shelter at what was later Vacaville; next the place in Lagoon Pass was built. I met a McDaniel, son of the McDaniel who laid out Vacaville town. - May 21, 27
*acc. to Vidal Perra. **See p. 123.

- When I called today at Dickie Ranch, the Dickie children (nephews & nieces) were with Mr. Dickie catching turtles out of the Alamo. Mr. Dickie says turtles have come into the Alamo the last four years during the high water. Today the Alamo is "booming", higher than I have seen it in many years; about $\frac{2}{3}$ full or over. The sand marks show where it has been twice as high this season! that is very near bank full. Mr. Dickie says that last night the back water filled into the hollow back of the corral, a place where the three horses in the old days went down to water, ^{i.e. to drink} in the creek in summer time. - Apr. 2, 1927.

- Jack Rabbits of U.S. (24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100). By J. S. Palmer.

- Fremont's account of the wild life in the San Joaquin Valley in the Narrative of 1844-5; Sacramento Valley in 1846 (cf. The Comstock 12:216).

- Pac. Rur. Press, Feb. 5, '27 (See clipping). And a previous one (Dec. 4, '26), not clipped.
- outbreak of House Wren in Calif. (U.C. Publ. Zool. 30: 201.)
- "The Owl and the Coyote", C. S. Aiken, dated Bohemian Club, S.F., Oct. 24, 1903. Song of three stanzas. [This note taken from a Dawson catalog I think.]
- See notes made on upper San Geronimo River, Field Book, vol. 45, June, 1927.
- Wilkes, Narrative of U. S. Expl. Exped. 5: 222.
- See also p. 169, infra.
- Hunting Down Stock-Killers (U. S. D. A. Yearbook, 1920.)
- Control of the Coyote in California (U. C. Agr. Exp. Sta. Bull. 320. 1920.) By Jas. Dixon.
- Yosemite Natural Notes 5: 89.
- Coyote, Field Book 40: 190. See also Index C. F. B. See also F. B. Aug. 6, 1928.
- Mo. Bull. Col. Sept. Agr. 18: 316.
- The Prairie Wolf. Am. Nat. 7: 385. (1873). by Coues.
- See folder on coyote, or at least notes, in file of "Manuscript Papers" - Minnie Bledy.
- Men have exterminated the major wherever portion of wild life or even seriously disturbed the interlocking relations of nature, they have reduced a given country to desert. The interdependencies of species, and their ecological relations, complicated over vast time, have never been fully appreciated or at all.

The Summer Time The Spring Time
The Winter Time. The Autumn Time.
The Beauty of the Country Side.
The Plough. The Harvest Time. The Country Church. The Picnic in the Groves.
The Country Graveyard. The Highway over Hill and Valley.

of Theodosia Garrison, poem on "Shade".
noticed reprint in Cal. Dist. News Letter, 2/11/27
issue of

- The Christmas in Country. of Andrew Lang.
- Ballad of Yule.
- Blake's Songs of Innocence.
- of. Happy Days at Little Oak Ranch, p. 158.

The Logoon Valley Stage Road.

- Passed to the east of the Logoon in Logoon Valley acc. to Al. Slinger, May, 1931. See p. 120 ante.
- Political Campaigns. In the summer of 1872, when 5 years old, I was taken into the village and heard a political speech, (campaign of U. S. Grant against Horace Greeley). A fiery Southern speaker.

Books on Early California and the
Overland Trail. *see p. 45*

- Way Sketches Across the Plains in 1850. by Lorenzo Sawyer. (Edw. Elbertstadt, New York. 1926)
- Biography of Judge Sawyer, by Phelps.
- Grey, Wm. * A Picture of Pioneer Times in Cal. S. F. 1881.
- Hays, J. W. Tales of the Sierras. Portland. 1900.
- Newark, Harris. Sixty years in S. Cal. [N. Y. 26]
- Burnett, Peter H. Recollections and Opinions of an old Pioneer. N. Y. 1880.
- Morry, Col. R. B. Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border. N. Y. 1866.
- Bidwell, Gen. John. Echoes of the Past about Cal. 91 p. Chico.
- Mercer, Adam C. The Canadian Northwest (Hudson Bay Co.) Toronto, 1885.
- Lant, Agnes C. - The Conquest of the Great Northwest. N. Y. 1914. (History of Hudson Bay Co.)
- " " - The Fur Trade in Am. N. Y. 1921.
- " " - The Pathfinders of the West. The Thrilling Story of the Men who discovered the Great Northwest. N. Y. 1904.
- Kelly, Wm. Across the Rocky Mts. from N. Y. to Cal. 2 vols. Boston, 1872.
- Bates, D. B. Incidents on Land and Water, or Four Years on the Pacific Coast. Boston. 1860.
- Northwick, J. D. Three years in Cal. London. 1854.
- Atkins, Elisha, Reminiscences of. Ed by W. H. Reed. 1890.
- Greeley, Horace. An overland journey from N. Y. to S. F. in 1859. (1860).

* Pseudonym. He was the father of Senator Stephen M. White.

Books on Early California.

- Ryan, Wm. R., Personal narratives in Upper and Lower California in 1845-49. 2 vols. London. 1852.
- Buckbee, Edw. Bryan. The Saga of old Twickenham 1935. "On mining in the '50's"
- Canfield, Channing, Diary of a '49er. * 1920-
- Cole, Cornelius (Senator from Cal.). Memoirs. 1908.
- Woods, Daniel B., Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings. 1851.
- Stuart, Robert. Discovery of the Oregon Trail. Overland trip eastward in 1812. 1813. 1935. "Most important western narrative printed during last 131 years" - Chas. P. Everett Cat. No. 9. in 1935.
- Greeley, Horace. An Overland Journey from N. Y. to S. F. in the summer of 1859.
- Delano, Alvaro. Across the Plains and among the Diggings. New York. 1936 reprint. Said to be an exciting but faithful picture of early days.
- Delano, Alvaro. Across the plains and among the diggings. Is one of the most interesting of all early Cal. books. - Wagner.

Books read as a boy.

- Maria Edgeworth, Popular Tales * *
- Oliver Goldsmith, The Vicar of Wakefield.

* Said to be a "classic"

* * For an evaluation of the moral character of his tales see Mayel. Br. H. 6: 935.

- Libraries* were few and scarce in early days. There was a school library at Cuthbert School but it did not appeal to me as much as the ^{one at} Vacaville Grammar School. There was a bookstore at Tilson's Drugstore. "Before 1870 good libraries of scientific books did not exist, save perhaps at Cambridge in Massachusetts". - Wm. W. Bishop (Sci. 56: 207).

Dates of Deaths

Mary Ann Williams, d. 1873.

Jedidiah Williams, d. 20 Mar. 1878,
aged 73 years. His wife Mary
d. Jan. 16, 1874

Jeddie Williams Jr. b. Oct. 22, 1849,
d. June 1, 1872.

* But the school readers were something. I had McGuffey's School Readers. But before my time there were Wilson's School Readers used by my sisters. And what wonderful books they were. The Fifth Reader was an encyclopaedia of all knowledge, including natural history. Besides there was poetry, extracts from the great authors and so on. And in the Fourth Reader ^{there} were wonderful tales of adventure - all too brief not whetting one's appetite for more.

- As I drove to Little Oak from Vacaville this afternoon and turned south on the Coburn corner, Mt. Diablo attracted my eye. It was late afternoon and the atmosphere dull, the not overcast, in the neighborhood. But beyond Suisun Bay the light came through the Carrizuz Pass and illuminated Mt. Diablo with a purple glow that was radiantly soft and tender. It was most beautiful. The next day the Mt. was again showing a dull brown or gray tone.

- July 13, 1925.

- Clouds and Fog. See new book by W. J. Humphreys on "Fog and Clouds". Cf. also, " " " " "Bundle of meteorological Paradoxes." "Weather Proverbs and Paradoxes" (1923).

- Wolfskill place = "Rancho 96" acc. to ^{John} note in Vacaville Reporter, 3-26-37.

The hundred acres of the home part turned over to Univ. Calif. in 1889, just 100 years after the first Wolfskill Brothers started the development of the famous Rancho 96, one of the original Spanish grants.

- Black Gnats. At the time of the trip to Haas Slough made by Ralph Platt and myself when we were boys the black gnats were bad but Ralph was enjoying fishing and I was botanizing and we didn't pay much attention until we heard my boy make an awful fuss and cry and kick, so that I feared the little two-wheeled road cart we had come down in would be ruined. We ran to where she was tied behind some willows and found her frantic from the attacks of black gnats. There was a spot on her neck where the gnats were massed so thick that it was like a glistening gray spot and as Ralph rubbed his hand over the area, 8 in. in diameter, a great smear of blood showed how she had been tortured. We took her and tied her out in the wind but even so she did not like it. - Reminiscent of Ralph, forgotten by myself.

- The Black Gnats. They were bad for about four weeks this year. Frank Dickie says he remembers in the old days that they were so bad about Dixon in harvest time that the mules would not work but would lie down ^{and rest}. The gnats got in the mules' ears.

This referred to mules on a combine harvester. Clyde Whitman, Dickie's brother-in-law says that there are no gnats at Pigeon Point, nor on the old Winchell place where the now lives, nor about Vanden. If this be true the gnats are highly localized.

I now thought of them as being annoying but Dickie says they are. Mrs. ^{Ada} Sloan says there are none in Brown's Valley, being replaced by Angus flies which, she says, are very annoying. At Dixon and near Tremont, Black Gnats raised heavy welts on her, but not on the Tremont residents with whom she was driving. - July 7, '25

The murder at Vander has stirred my memory about certain things. When we children were very small an aunt came to live with us for a time. She was full of negro superstitions that she had gotten from her negro nurse and would hold us children with wide-eyed wonder and fear in the twilight of the summer evenings. Occasionally she would vary the performance and tell about a murder that had happened in the valley before we came along. Our blood would run cold as we listened with breathless interest. Father and Mother did not approve of these doings, because neither were in the least degree superstitious. From that early time until I grew up there were no murders in the neighborhood - none that I can remember until recently. Looking back upon it - that early period seems to me especially law-abiding.

It was a great event when we went to Leavenworth. The place had a metropolitan air and we children liked

it. It took 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 hours to go and as many to return - unless for some reason we "hurried"... We knew all the ranches as far as Vander - but beyond

(the crossing of the railroad (later

that were mostly small shacks set in the dreary dusty plain without trees, vineyard or orchard - hopelessly bare and lonely - we cared not who lived in such forlorn spots. But every detail of it, every minute feature of it was indelibly impressed upon the sensitive brain of a child, for lacking anything else to look at on their journey, the poor ranches held the attention with a sort of expectant interest, for sometimes, very rarely, there would be human beings seen about them or some little stir of farm life.

And now, murder has been done at Vander; and somewhere there is a man, if Dickens be right, haunted, not perhaps with remorse, but with fear, the fear of discovery, the fear that he

will be taken, the fear that will not leave him until he dies or is taken. I suspect the place referred to in the newspapers is the west of Brooks' ranch. I often, must often when the road is passable, drive up that way to Little Oak, and have noticed the place appeared to be empty except for occasional visits.

Vander was much in the vocabulary of our family, for we took train there for San Francisco. So did the Jewells for a long time. A quarter then was as big as a dollar now and the saving in railway fare was considerable. It was odd that Capt. Brooks secured a station there - Cannon Sta. is so near - but he evidently had influence with some person of power in the railway. As to Cannon Sta., Cameron stipulated a station when he gave the right of way in the beginning.

And so murder has been done at Minden. It is interesting that when my thoughts go wandering back to the north country the land that most often rises in the field of memory is that of the dreary plains country, the country associated with the long patient trips across ^{them} when there was much time to think. Rarely do pictures unseasonably come back of the beautiful country lying above the foothills in Vaca Valley. I love to call the foothills ^{foot hills} up and can readily do so; but the other country is associated with very deep and pregnant feelings. - Feb. 22, 1925.

"Adobe - a gopher can't dig in it when dry; and he gets all balled up in it when wet. Mixing sand with adobe half and half makes good brick." - Pac. Rur. Press, May 16, 1926.

- James McTrany says: The old-time stage from San Francisco to Sacramento ran from Benicia to Suisun, through the hills along east side Longon, to Vacaville, over Bennett's Hill to Bennett's, where a stage house was kept, and on to Suisunville. There were no bridges then, the creek banks being cut down to permit passage of waggons. The creeks were not as deep then as they are now. He could be easily forded except Putah Creek in winter. There was, however, a way ^{maintained} of getting across Putah at Davis. - Jan. 17, 1925.

- When Pop Hawkins came into the county with his cattle he settled near Suisun Creek. The cattle kept wandering down to where the old Hawkins place now is. Finally old Pop said to his wife, "I am not going to keep running after those cattle every day. My wife just move down there where the cattle are." Which they did. The place turned out to be one of the finest in the county. - Jan 17, 1925.

- The Black Gnats. They come about May 15th and last until June 15 as I remember. The worst period is for about three weeks. They were bad in the latter part of haying - hauling into the barns - but were also a great annoyance in the early part of the wheat-harvest. They rise out of the grass in swarms at the height of their season. ^{Why} I went to Vacaville June 20 to get apricots at the Little Oak ranch and found them very bad in the orchard. It was difficult picking fruit - at least very trying for they swarmed about me. On June 7, Sunday, I was at the ranch stringing barbed wire. They were not so very annoying. In the clear still days of great heat they are worst; a wind dissipates them and this is another blessing to the credit of the afternoon trade in the great valley. - 1925.

- The visit of the Presiding Elder of letter to C. W. Goethe in file, Dec. 3, 1926
- Black Gnats. of. H. B. 37:167.

- The winds. I myself shall always remember best the days of great heat in the summer time for these were signalized by a great calm and a breathing of warm fragrances from the earth which is almost aromatic.

One feels the powerful forces of Nature here expressed more subtly than in the case of the violent phenomena. There was a quiet but powerful expression of tremendous power in this closing down of the heat mantle in the Great Valley. So the winds when they came - the ocean trades were very expressive of another and livelier and more joyous note. Before, a deep hush brooded on the land. Now the trades, - stimulation!

The trades were first felt through the Vander gulf and in the valley opposite Lagoon Pass. Sometimes

the trades begin early in the morning, or have continued over night, and Frank Richie says he hears them coming in the later south of Lagoon Pass, whereas at ^{his} own place it is still quite calm. That is, there are blocks of quiet air in certain places with air movements between.

- Today I drove up the Sacramento Valley to Sacramento. The north wind is in gale force. How different it is from the trades! So passionate, so beating, so tempestuous, such roaring gusts and a breath of hell even when it is highest. The wind seemed highest between Vaca. P. 9.

R. station and Dixon; and I inquired whether there was any known difference in velocity between the two sides of the valley. It seemed to be thought that the velocity is higher on the west side.

- Oct. 30, 1926.

"Time spent in the cultivation of the fields passes very pleasantly." - Ovid

There was a great migration of great hawks with black bodies and wings past our old place in Boca Valley when I was a boy seven years old. It began about one o'clock and lasted four or five hours. They flew steadily northwest, about 4 or 5 "haws" to every 4 feet square. — Ralph Platt.

The floating cobwebs that come out of the tules, called Tule Spiders, are long horizontally floating webs or strands rather of web that float about 8 to 12 feet high and come from the southwest out of the tules. There seems to be few nowadays but the tules are rapidly changing to agricultural areas. When I was a lad I like I used to

- The Meadow Lark begins to assemble in flocks of 50 to 200 or 300 in midwinter. They keep in flocks until they pair in February.
- Today, Oct. 30, 1926, I drove to Sacramento "up the valley". Flocks of blackbirds are trying to breast the North Wind which today is in full force. The flocks rise and swing back in beautiful curves like a swinging wave - but make no progress - indeed seeming to lose a little. This is a large flock. Another flock, a small one, is making headway surely by flying low! only a foot or two above the ground.

Play with these floating things with a pole and considered it great fun.

— Elk. At the old Hawkins ranch, foot of the Arapaho Hills, the group of men were talking elk one evening, old Pap Hawkins and the ranch men and perhaps a visitor or two. They decided to have an elk hunt down in and toward the tubes about Potrero Hills next day. Breath and Duff, who were little fellows, listened to all this with the utmost interest and asked to go also but were refused. They determined they would go ^{anyway} on an elk hunt too. So the next morning after the hunting party left they took down from above the mountain pass, where it hung, the old relic of a fire-lock that had been brought across the plains. They loaded it with powder and back-shot and primed the fire-pan and set out, skirting the hills southward and carrying the rifle by turns. The rifle was pretty heavy but

they kept going until they got as far as the base of the hills below El Peysos or the great "bald spot" where the smooth surface rock is denuded of soil by the rains and by flow from the little winter or vernal springs above the smooth tilted surface on the hill slopes. ^{Here} this is a little green stuff and so they stopped to rest and looked around. Duff cried excitedly to Breath: "See Yonder, see Yonder"! It was a large rill! He grazing quietly on the slope below the bare spot, ^{see} El Peysos. Hush! Hush, said Breath, you'll scare him. Will creep up on him. So they waded back the way they had come until the hill covered them and then crept up under cover of the ridge until a little rocky ledge gave them a chance to get a little nearer. They were then very near the large creature and could note his every feature. The

wind was in their favor although the movement was slight. He was feeding deliberately in a little springy spot where green grass showed itself. Druff was the bolder and so took the long rifle and aimed it at the elk between the boulders of the ledge. Very carefully, all a-tremble as he was, he held on to the stock and prepared to pull the trigger as he listened at the crunching animal. He hesitated a bit and then pulled. The gun went off with a fearful explosion, there was a huge yell from the animal that terrified the little fellows beyond belief and they ran shuddering down the hill, carrying the gun between them, hurrying and panting towards home. After they were at a safe distance Druff was the first to speak. "I killed him" he cried. No, you didn't said little breath incredulously. Well anyway I hit him and hurt him. That evening after the hunters came back elk-less old Pap noticed how quiet the little boys were and joked them a bit. I killed an elk said little Druff. What do you mean? said [Cont. p. 173]

- The Field Lark sings at all times of the year - not merely in one season. His song has a rare quality of inspiration, liveliness and joyfulness combined.
- The Hairy Blackbirds. Three flocks passed over Little Oak, south bound to the Tules, just before dusk this evening. There were 250 perhaps in each of two flocks and 50 in the other. There was the slightest wind at the ground; almost dead calm, but there must have been wind above, as their heads were all the afternoon, for they flew low with a long undulating movement, up and down, swinging up and down. The flocks do not appear to be moving rapidly, but their actual time must be near a mile in forty seconds. -

About Oct. 1924.

- Mountain Lions. cf. American Mag. Apr. 1924.
- In Cal. Dist. Newsletter, vol. 8, no. 37, p. 4, the preying of eagles on yearling deer is described by an eye-witness in the Santa Barbara Forest.
- The Coyote. In Cal. Dist. Newsletter in reference to Golden Eagles, their extermination is deplored in spite of their predatory character. A good word is also said for the Coyote. - Circa Oct. 1926.
- Elk. In an old Examiner (in my herbarium, used as a species sheet) I see the statement that elk cannot bend the front legs and that the first known statement of this was made by Julius Caesar.
- Coyote. Long article on "The Noble Coyote", California Ranger, vol. 6, no. 26 (May 24, 1935). By R. H. Blood, Sierra Nat. Res.

- I left Judge Platts cottage at 4:50 am and drove to the ranch. The sky was clear at Vacaville, but as soon as my way was made down towards the mouth of the valley a great wall of Tule Fog filled the plain of the Sacramento and came into full view. Soon I noticed a great tinger or mass of it thrust out along the Araguipa Hills and move towards upper Vaca Valley. It was a remarkable sight. The hills were light-far in the early dawn. And this great mass moved as it were imperceptibly but really very swiftly. One could see that the fog mass was moving, but one had no real sense of its amazingly rapid motion until one noted the distance covered in its advance. - This somewhere about Dec. 1923 or Jan. 1924, but I made no note of it at the time tho it was vivid enough to deserve it. - May, 1924.

- I left Vacaville at 7.10 ^{p.m.}; drove down
 thru Lagoon and thru the pass* to
 Suisun. Lagoon ^{after sunset} was all in shadow
 but as I came thru the pass - the
 country south opened up to view. The
 Suisun plain, with the Patero Hills
 luminous yellow-gold in the sunlight
 which streamed on them from the
^{Jameson} pass in the Napa Range to the west;
 while beyond in shadow, but rich in
 color, rose the purple mass of Mt.
 Diablo. I was in evening shadow -
 looking over the lighted plain to
 the glowing shining hills of Portia
 backed by the warm but shadowy
 background of Mt. Diablo. - July 7, '23.

- Rainbow at night. of Sci. Mar. 11, 1921.

* Toleno Pass.

- Ulysses tires of giving laws to selfish
 circumscribed, ^{help} the daily round of duty,
 and the old adventures unto the whole
 thing and strikes out once again
 athirst for change and new lands:
 why stay coddled up at home, serving
 "people who know me not."

- I went to Vaca Valley last week. The
 summer heat had closed down over the
 Sacramento Valley but I love it. It is
 so dry and pungent - the aromatic odors
 well up from mother earth and envelop
 one. Everywhere about are the smooth rounded
 hills - hills white with the ^{tall} dry oats, hills
 tan-colored under the summer sun, hills
 dusty in a halo of mystery. And
 beyond all the level plain of the Sacramento
 - wonderful in its immensity. -

June 30, 1922.

- Temperature on still mornings falls, just after the sun comes up, for a little while. - Ralph Platt, Jan. 8, 1921.

The Heat.

- Larks coming to the water hole to drink in the summer afternoons.
- Jack Rabbits sitting in the shadow of a fence post. Also Horned Larks.
- Heat waves dancing like horses along the plain of the Sacramento. Trees would rise out of the Sacramento River bottoms so far away and make enchanting wooded islands on the horizon.
- On hot days if one raises the palm to the sky, to the sun, it is not enduring! Pieces of iron become so hot that you cannot hold them.
- Even the people become so adapted to the heat as the animals and more so sensitively response to the hours when the heat broke under the ocean breeze as the reed beds of the Suisun Marshes to the first breath of the afternoon trades. There came in advance a subtle but distinct prophesy of coming coolness, as if the heat with its heavy great

Their Persistence. of*Asclepias mexicana*" *speciosa**Malva hederacea**Glycyrrhiza glutinosa**Sambucus glauca* in grain fields.

See Field Book for July-Aug.

1919, July, 1923.

- *Hemizonia frugens*. When I was a lad of 12 this was abundant in the fields. I remember Forest's south field being quite filled with it and Lynn got some sheep man, passing through the country with a large band of sheep, to feed the "thistles" of which the sheep died in a few days, leaving the place about as clean as a corral.
- Dec. 16, 1926, it is now a rare plant!
- Turkey Mullin, used to catch fish. By native tribes

- How many turtles there were in Putah Creek in the old days. They were a feature of the wild life. Hundreds of them. Now, says Platt, you see only dozens! He says they also occurred in the flats but I never saw one in the flats so far as I remember.

- A flock of 60 hawks went over, going south today, Jan. 9, ¹⁹²¹. Ralph Platt says he has not heard a hawk band in 2 or 3 years.

- A squirrel ran scuttling along the dusty road, fled into the orchard frightened by my sudden appearance, and the noise made by my machine, - and crouched flat against the ground in the shadow of a prune tree where the prune tree's shadow is thickest. Shadows are very black in midsummer days with such brilliant sunshine; and the squirrel is hidden - at least to the casual passer-by. - 20 July '23

- "Belt the stuffing out of him."
- "The devil and Tom Walker."
- "Sam Hill!"
- "Onery"
- "Bet your bottom dollar."
- Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies.
- A lick and a promise.

Words and Phrases

- "favor," well favored. cf. favor (good-looking, beauty, charm) in Shakespeare, Cymbeline 1-6-42. Also "His favor is familiar to me." - Cym., 5-5-94.

- in a coon's age.

- beatingest, the most extensive or intensive surpassing; "the beatingest thing ever heard of".

- fire on the hearth. In the winter time fire was started in the fireplace, covered with ashes each night and the one fire kept going all winter.

- People spoke directly and not by circumlocution as do people in cities. As a child I never learned the words dissimulation, senility and their synonyms. Hypocrisy was known for its prototypical form script time. Whedding because of Kuanale paddlers, tramps and the like. In cities one hears a large word.

Use of the Natural Resources

— Rule for covering haystacks.

North Wind. — Shrivelled the wheat when in the mills.

Fog Fog.

— For the whole of February, while plowing in the San Joaquin Valley, when I was young, I never saw the sun once. The fog might lift during the day and form a low ceiling over the plain, but the sun did not come through it. — Statement by Professor Morley, College of Mines, at the breakfast table at the Faculty Club, Saturday, Jan. 8, 1938. He lived near Modesto or somewhere in that region.

— Use of redwood, whence obtained

— The old-time camp-meeting was a harvest festival. How well I remember the oars on the river bench at Putah Creek; the clean wheat straw over which one walked, the rough pine benches, the sleeping shelters of new lumber open to the sky; the old hymns rising on the night air with one fine singer taking up the lead; the swirl of the chorus echoing against the river bank and the trees; and on that scene the full moon shining down in spiritual splendor. — Sept. 1930. See p. 57.

The Animals.

— Ralph Platt assures me ^{that he saw} 100 deer in the vacants this season or maybe that many have been seen. He was very positive about it. — Oct. 31, 1918.

— In the old days, we went on game hunting trips in Lake Co. The very best of eating is liver of a barren doe. Do the deer mate strictly, that is monogamously? I do not and never did care for fresh deer meat — but "jerky" I always liked. — Oct. 1918. Ralph Platt.

— The dusty roads, ankle-deep in dust; of a morning after dew is chocolate colored like a dark blanket thrown over the gray dust. On this were millions of foot-prints, rabbits, kangaroo-rats, badgers, foxes, coons, skunks — a thousands creatures where there is one today. — Jan. 1919.

- Above the Williams grove of Eucalypts circled and wheeled two flocks of Buzzards. I never saw more in a flock in this locality. They roost there says ^{"Oat"} Marshall - Nov. 9, 1918.

- at the corner of the Sussex road just south of Vanden the ground owls now have a considerable colony in the high place in the corner of the sheep field. I count twelve standing near their holes. They duck their heads, a sort of courtesying bob, when uttering their short chortling note; sometimes they duck or bob a little without uttering the note, or at least it is not audible. Then they have also a short rasping sound which is quite different. All this with the heads of the twelve whenever apostles turned toward us. One now flies off to an adjacent fence post as a sentinel. But they are very trusting. - July 20, 1923.

was a solidly built building. It was with great difficulty that it was torn down.

The local people endowed the college: The Dobbris, Cirlson⁺, Davis families gave large sums for those days. Probably a larger per-capitate amount than was ever given elsewhere in any country community in California.

Stewart was one of the early South Methodists who worked for the college. He was killed on his journey southwards to join the Confederacy.

The Old College Bell.

- cf. J. T. Simmons, "History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast," p. 322.

- Some of us look forward to roll Latin phrases: *his overworked: In hoc signo vinces.*

A road which ran diagonally across country from Sarsen by the old McBray place thru Binghamton to a point six miles below Sacasments where it crossed the river.

Binghamton was of more importance then. The Union men built a hall for an armory. It is still standing.

The antelope were often seen as that road in the 50's, going to their feeding grounds in the Dixon ridge and passing to water at Main Prairie. - This from Jim McBray.

Natural Phenomena

? Dew Bows.

(cf. Sci. 63:528).

? Zodiacal Light.

Moon Bows?

- Near Butteville we never saw the sun once one January on account of thick fog. - Dr. Wills, recalling a boyhood ranch experience. (Jan., 1938)

- They are in a way retiring and unpretentious - not just the words to use - but they have a real attraction when studied. There is about them a finish and refinement which grows upon one and reaches to one's very heartstrings. They have an easy smoothness and yet are not dull; they have a certain regularity and yet are not monotonous; they have a very simple plan and yet are not commonplace. The cedars follow in another with great regularity in distance and conformity and yet no two are alike. The woods on them are not a forest, but their very thinness gives an element of park-like neatness.

- Old Settlers Hill

- See Wind Litany by Margaret Wideman
- "The old-fashioned windmill was called a clafjack" - ~~Frank~~ Driskie.
- The tule fog.
- The north wind in winter was bitter cold. How it roared and snarled and moaned. It was penetrating and no boards kept it out very well. How one's fingers ached during the chases on one of these north-wind mornings!
- The tule fog was lying in a ridge-like-band-of-foot-hills along the river Jan. 7th. The country was clear otherwise.
- "as a travelling wind goes over grass, leaving it just as it was when the world was still." - Fruitful Vine, p. 501.
- The wind blew high yesterday (as it had been blowing for several days), and this morning heavy fog banks ^{came} down over the poble, and to Antioch and up the river a considerable distance. A few ⁵⁰⁰ miles away it ^{was} seen just above the ^{Sierra} Hills.
- This afternoon I note a turkey buzzard from Williams Ranch way travelling southwesterly against the wind. He sails in the face of the wind on a gradual slant - by gravity as it were - a long slide so to speak, then breaks the wind and rises to a considerable height to repeat the (Cont. p. 74).

- One of our delights was to go on a carriage journey into Napa Valley. Its beauties, its delightful farms, its vineyards, its wooded hills, its sense of wildness everywhere made a strong appeal to my boyish mind. In after years I learned the details of beauty and raved over the Madroño and wrote ravingly of it to my friends ending with: But enough, carina, of that gay tree for the day; come up, to the beautiful Napa Valley with the sun warm on it and its drowsy lanes. That tree is so beautiful that it were worth coming all the way from cities and the haunts of men to see. - Circa 1899.
- Devil's Gate. What a sensation to drive through! And the turtles sunning on the rocks in the stream of Putah below!

- James McCrory said that a man by name of Vance bought a large area of grant-land on Vaca and ~~San~~ Grant. The squatters, respectable men well known in the community, visited his house on the latter place one night, heavily armed, and climbed up into the loft where he slept. While a lighted, in the middle a pistol went off. ^{Candle was being} as shown by the blood on the floor the next day, and Vance escaped thru a window and in his bare feet made his way across the hills to Lagoon Valley.

During the civil war feeling ran very high. [What we should now regard as seditious utterances were evidently very common]. But there was no attempt by Southerners to organize. It was common, however, to make Confederate flags and wave them. Mrs. McCrory's sister, Kate Norman, made a flag and waved it Mrs. in Suisun Valley. Across the road a little way down was a pioneer grocery store. Some men there saw the act and came demanding the flag but Mrs. N. hid it in the store, and the flag was not found.

Dr. Lucky was President of the College when the building on the south bank of the bluffs was burnt. The dormitory brick building still stands - the old Long house.

Anderson was a famous early time school-teacher. The trustees, one of whom was Bill Davis, examined him to determine his fitness as a scholar to be schoolteacher.

Companies of soldiers sometimes passed through Vacaville, going from Sacramento to Benicia Barracks. - All the above from James McCrory, Mar. 9, 1918.

- John Wolfshill had a son Ed. Wolfshill by an Indian woman. He never married her but he acknowledged the offspring and bequeathed him land. ^{a white woman} Wolfshill did not marry until after the Indian woman died. Mrs. W. was a woman of fine appearance and excellent carriage. Sashel Wolfshill lived near his bro. John. Mrs. Sashel was a very genial, pleasant, friendly, hospitable woman and made friends with everyone. She was not, however, as good looking as Mrs. John. She is still living.

Ed. Wolfshill married a very pretty white girl. Her parents were dead but her relatives opposed the marriage. Ed. did not live long after his marriage - Martha A. Jepsen & Josie Jepsen Hendricks, Jan. 1, 1918.

— Jewett's Bridge. The school was held in the church for some years. Josie and Frances, my sisters, walked up the creek from the lower place. The desks were box-like affairs with iron hooks by which they could be hung on to the church benches. They had a lid and were considered quite grand. — a great improvement over just benches and a long inclined board to write on. The boys put them on every Monday morning and took them off Friday afternoon and stacked them in the corner, so the place would be clear for Sunday meeting. Vail was one of the teachers in those days. He married Hattie Williams who was then attending the College in Vacaville. Josie says that she remem-

bered the college boys and girls going riding, horseback, and coming down that lane. The skirts of the girls nearly swept the ^{riding} ground. — Dec. 31, 1917.

One of the exhorters of this time was "Joab Powell". Pious, emotional, ignorant, with a large family. He lived near the Jewett Bridge.

— Mrs. Frank K. Mott. Dear Madam — I venture to call your attention to an error in your valuable and interesting work on place names in California. Vacaville and Vaca Valley were named for the Spanish pioneer Manuel Cabeza de Vaca and not for any bovine reason. To those of us born in the dimple of the inner hills — with which God took so much pains though He was rather hasty with the Coast Ranges — it makes a difference. Yours truly, W. L. Jepson, Jan. 14, 1927.

The Coyote

- Mark Twain in Laughing it.
- Poem by Bret Harte
- Poem by Geo. Stirling
- A trapper, T. B. Wilson, trapped this winter 233 coyotes in Midland and Reagan counties, Texas, - \$2000 bounty. - El Paso Morning Times, Mar. 26, 1916.
- Control of the Coyote in Cal. Univ. Cal. Agr. Exp. Sta. Bull. no. 230 (Apr. 1920).
- Cal. Dist. News Letter 6:48 (Nov. 27, 1925). Forest woodsman tries to kill coyote fast in trap with a club. Hits spring of trap and coyote gets away.
- Cal. Dist. News Letter, vol. 7, no. 6, p. 4 (Feb. 1926). Coyotes frighten the birds by causing them to leave their roosts. They do not fly far, light on the ground, and in the darkness cannot find shelter.
- Quail on the Sequoia Nat. Park eaten by Coyotes (Cal. Dist. News Letter, vol. 7, no. 6, p. 4)

The Mule

- Belt, Naturalist in Nicaragua, p. 149 (ch. 10).
- Henry Adams in letters to his children from Palestine. He rode a mule, then rode a camel and said that after five minutes on a camel he would gladly spend an eternity on a mule. This note given me by Mrs. Harland, Oct. 23, 1925.
- A Romance of Jackson Hill. A novel, seen in Berkeley Public Library. The heroine intervenes to save a bawky mule from being tortured and manages the matter by seizing mud and thrusting it in the mule's mouth, after which bawking vanishes. [The mule may be an ass!, but not as I remember.]
- With Camerence in Arabia, p. 120, p. 119; some place short of p. 239 Missouri(?) mules stampeded a camel train.
- Jeremiah, 14:6. This is the horse-ass or wild mule (Kittó, cycl. Bible. Lit. 108). Kittó cites Aristotle's comment - Mule in Bible. Cf. Kittó, p. 108. - See over -

The Talker and the Talker.

- St. Paul after visiting the Athenians said they talked too much.
- Olive Thacher, see p. supra.
- See ms. in Bot., 1. lecture course.
- see p. 206, Riley, Dist. Ent. Assoc.
- see Horace.

The Mule

- Captain Banning's book on stages: "Six Horses."
- F. B. 5:89. Also 24:9.
- Mules and horses, F. B. 8:154.
- Mules. Papy's Diary, p. 671.
- Mules. Bible in Spain, by Barrow.
- Charles Darwin, Naturalist Voy. around the World, p. 380.
- The wisdom of "Hot Harts" (F. B. 5:33).
- Mountain, Paul. The great deserts and forests of N. Am., pp. 236-237. Extract in "Typhus and Orig. Cit. vol. 1, p. 167.
- Los Machos, The Mules. Las Trampas.

The Mule.

- see Encyclopedia Britt. sub Mule.
- " Field Book, Palestine, Index at back
- " Darwin, Voyage of the Beagle, Everyman ed., p. 308.
- Packing Lumber on a Mule. (Cal. Dist. News Letter, vol. 4, no. 34).
- Wisdom of the mule. See Field Books, vol. 1 of index.
- Mules: abnormal fear of Indians (Sci. 43:389). F. S. Dellenbaugh. Refers to J. C. Fremont's references to same matter.
- The wisdom of Hot Harts. F. B. 5:33.

By Alan Wright. The adventures of the Bunnykin family: Of Mrs. Bunnykin, who has such a busy spring house-cleaning day; of the little Bunnykins, who had such an exciting time on their picnic, and of the jolly good time that Mr. Bunnykin had in the evening.

ony Twiddler, His Tale.

By Alan Wright. The Cheese Hotel, kept by Tony Twiddler, was the most popular hotel in Micetown and mice both big and little, agreed that Mrs. Tony

Golden Ass of Lucius Apuleius (The).

In the translation by William Adlington, edited with an introduction by F. J. Harvey Darton, with illustrations and decorations by Philip Hagreen. 8v cloth, London (Navarre Society).

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Even bad men love donkeys. Their strange stubborn intelligence, their whimsical physique, their colouring, their almost conscious sense of humour give them a curiously human and intimate personality. It was something like genius that made Apuleius choose, for the central figure of the great novel in which he reveals his many-hued character and experience, a mere poor ass—here bearing the burden of extravagant learning and the secular traditions of the world.



The Animals.

- Turtles used to be abundant in Pictah Pass. Now they are scarce. The man with the rifle!
- Shrike-poke. Now-a-days this bird is no longer found on the plains. There are no summer waters for him. July 1923.

- Cf. Judge Frys essay in the Badger Sequoia Park Bull. 22.

- Notes on Eagles cross-runners. Nov. 5, 1926, Cal. Out Newsletter, 7:44

- Coyote. Nice over-running the country about Buena Vista Lake - a plague of them, eating everything that comes in their way, devouring the contents of the farm houses.

The reason: their natural enemies have been destroyed: bob-cat, fox, skunks, coyotes.

Cf. Berkeley Daily Gazette, 1/18/27

- Coyote. Folk-Lore. cf. Sci. 57:742 (1923)

- Sound-location in birds (Sci. 53:440).

- Herds, packs, flocks, coveys and other group designations. "a down of hares", "a labor of mules", "a wisp of snipe", "levy of quail", "a barren of mules", etc. - Cal. Ranger, vol. 1, no. 13.



Words and Phrases.

- A. Come-Off.
- A poor way out.
- A "poor out".
- They "made it up" to have a dinner, = to go to a dinner.
- Drabble dinner.
- trapise, to go about without serious or needful objectives.
- A "make-believe".
- Blackguard, a low foul fellow. cf. Brown, Dict. Word. & Phrases.
- Coonptions. = Excitation. I never heard this except in connection with "coonptions fit."
- spang, right into, directly into the midst of. I heard this word only in connection with motion and with a sense of the unexpected or unprepared: "I ran right spang into them."
- stomping-ground, usual headquarters. Originally a place where cattle gathered to rest in the mid-day heat.
- "Gone up the flume"
- A "poor out". - having something turn out very badly of which much was expected.
- "your bottom dollar".
- See Elizabethan America, by C. M. Wilson, in Atlantic Monthly, p. 237, Aug. 1929.
- "Clerking" for salesman in the stores.
- See p. 194. Also p. 151.

- Jewetts Bridge. There came very nearly being a town at this place. There was the Campbellite Church facing south on the little lane running into the wells place; Dr. Howe; Linedu the Blacksmith and his family; a photographer and perhaps one or two more. - Mrs. ^{Lina} McKimney, Nov. 1917.

Words and Phrases.

- favored. "she favored her father" - i.e. she looked like her father.
- Aunt Sib.
- "Sib's" - "a term which includes children of the same parents irrespective of sex." - W. T. McAtee, U. S. D. A. in "Word Study", vol. 11, no. 3 (1935). But see "Siblings" in new Webster.

Old-time Days in Vaca Valley.

The wild life.

Antelope

Badger

Elks

Bear

Panther

Bovole

"Lost Borders"

- Mr. E. R. Thurber went over to the tourist patch (about 1875) to see how the plants were coming on. He saw a brown bear and bolt - he and the bear decided they had business at home. This was the last bear seen on this ranch - Millie Thurber Hathaway, Aug. 1915.

You could make your meat for table from game as late as 1880, ducks, geese, doves, blackbirds, larks, rabbits, quail, etc - there was still so much of it!

The Insects.

The migration of Gnatcatchers.

The flying cobwebs.

- "x x x" the blessed silence, broken only by the mourning of the wood dove, whose hollow groaning holds no note of earthly bitterness or rebellion". - Eleanor Risley, Atlantic Mo. Feb. 29, p. 198.

The Birds

The Homing Blackbirds; concert singing.

The Geese. Flocks of Quail.

The Crows

The Ground Owls. - So a small boy I was told to walk round one and twist his head off. Then I could go pick the owl up! Twist off the head by walking around him, did not prove a success.

No children claimed acquaintance and bowed sedately to them, followed by shouts of laughter on the return bow.

Nip. Tuck. General Washington. "That's my friend. See! he'll bow" [the slaughter of the ground owl! anything alive was shot at.].

- Abundance of doves. see next p.

- The blackbird flocks would dive, wheel and turn at a sharp angle instantly. Synchronous: of Science N.S. 44: 784. It is flock instinct, mass instinct. It has never been explained but was commented upon by Gilbert White.

The plants.

Trifolium olivaceum - once an important part of the hay-crops, now a lost species.

Pools ^{and lakes} of gold (*Baeria* or *Laethenia*) and white (*Allocarya stipitata*) with summs bands flowing from them.
cf. Hist. Solano Co.

- The Mourning Dove. cf. F. B. 46:177.

The Birds.

The ground owls were all slaughtered by gunmen; at the end of an orchard none were left. I should say none have been there for 20 years. This year, however, there is at least a pair returned to the old ground. See prev. page. - July, 1923.
Do these birds move around at night?
It is my remembrance that they do.
- but I cannot be certain of a particular incident.

The Trees.

The Valley Oak, "the great oak's leafy chambers". Its wonderful acorns.

Description of Valley Oaks, F.B. 28:66

There is much more like this along all lines in the Field Books, if searched for. cf. Indices to the Field Books.

Cont. from p. 142. } Old Pap. I killed an elk, repeated little Duff. Old Pap turned to little Creath: what is he talking about? And then Creath told the whole story. Well, well, will ride down that way in the morning, said Old Pap; hoping to see an elk and get a shot. So rather early the next day the party rode down. As they went around the point of the hill and came into the little hollow they were surprised to find a dead elk. Little Duff became a hero! - From Ralph Platt about 1924.

The Native Tribes.

Their language. Village sites.
Tribal relationship.

The Mexicans.

Always called Spainards, out of courtesy.
Noblesse oblige of the conquering race of
new settlers to the defeated. I never
heard them called Greasers, rarely Mexicans.

The Foreigners. Rare.

Dutch John.

The Southerners.

Mostly from the stream of immigration
which flowed over the Cumberland from
Virginia and the Carolinas into Kentucky,
Tennessee, and Missouri, and thence
to California.

Civil War days.

"Step softly over the border when
Marse Robert is asleep!"

- Slavery of some Indians.

Civil War - political speeches in it - when

I was a child - in campaign falls! arguments
in the hearings about the battles
and how many men were lost. I can
remember some political orator haranguing
from a box in front of Tillam's drugstore, in
the shade of the tree and porch one sum-
mer afternoon, and occasionally in his
burats about the Civil War. He would stop
and appeal for number lost in a battle
to Bush Stearns who sat on a low bench
at his feet, or I think rather on the edge
of the porch or sidewalk.

- Life of Thaddeus Stevens ("An enemy of
Lincoln"), by W.E. Woodward.

- The Yankees.

Largely of the latter days. Their appreciation of the country intellectual and at first very critical but in time, they ^{too} grew to love the very smell of the summer dust - the silence of our heats - Mary Hallowell Foote, Valley Road, p. 161. The Jewetts and the Allens were fine examples of the highminded and human and neighborly kind of Yankee.

- The Old College Bell.

Education in Early Days. History of the old College. Architecture of the old College building, its severity, simplicity and dignity.

There was something of a real atmosphere of a college town tho' not deep-rooted. For example my father took my sister Lucy Frances into the bookstore and told her to select any book she chose for a Christmas present, in Dec. 1876. She selected Milton's *Paradise Lost* and I remember her face as she sat reading at home, lightened and ravished by the glory of the *Paradise Lost*. And there were many more fine books in that bookstore. I looked at them - cont. 12 pp. on. = p. 190.

- The Industries. Wheat. Various.

Wheat was king. Plowing, Sowing. Heading. Threshing. Stubble-fires in the fall. Long days on the threshing machine. The Grain ships for Liverpool. Newspaper this July '16 refers to Geo. W. McKear as shipping 200 cargoes a year to Britain. It was a curious experience when I first saw Coal - curious black shiny stuff, - it came as ballast from England. Stubble-field fires in the late autumn or early winter.

- The Labor Element.

Itinerant laborers - road-pads.

Chinese. The anti-chinese drive in 1893. The Japanese. The Castilians.

The Southerners

- Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson. "one of the most important books ever written for the student of military tactics".

- Cont. from p. 184. rope having "burned" off the hair and skin and cut into the flesh. When loosed the poor trapped animal had no desire to rise for some time. After a few experiences with the rope, however, the horse even after became wise as to tangling.

The Ways of the Saloon.

The Saloon man the greatest force in politics in the town. No county officer thought of running for office except thru the saloon.

The Early Settlers.

- Luzerna Wilson. of my letter to Francis D. Farquhar, dated 3-21-'39, in Jipson correspondence. This letter is in error only in that Mason Wilson did not tell his wife he was not coming back. See p. 189 recto. He did bid good-bye to his wife but did not tell her he was going to Texas and not coming back.

The Churches

The Old-time Camp-Meeting, so dear to the heart of the old-time Americans of the Evangelical Churches.

The preaching of the sects - all to sustain prejudice. Cf. Fallai, Nature of the Human Race. What made the numerous families of sons go to the devil? Partly the outworn creed of the churches - no preaching for the high conduct of life. Partly the saloons - but why should the saloons take nearly all? Partly the migratory shiftless character of the settlers, but the first generation was very sturdy, rugged and self-reliant.

The fall days run along, windless and still, light breezes from the southwest, though hardly enough to turn the mills. Sometimes for a few days a light breeze flows down the valley from Mt. Shasta way, but nothing that can be called a norther. All night the trees stand motionless, their voices stilled, hushed in the brooding peacefulness that lies fast on the land. So it was in August, but more quiet in September, even more so in October. The blue smoky haze, increasing from day to day, untouched by rain, blot out the Vaca Mts. and all the distant landscape, but intensifies nearer objects, individualizes certain types or elements. The great Valley Oak at Williams Ranch, often lost against the background of the Blue Gum grove at Jewetts, is lifted by the purple colors into a status and dignity of its own. No rain. Day after day, week into week, months on end the dry land, yellow-clashed here, tan or black there, waits patiently for the rains! - Oct. 26, 1929. - over -

This unceasing drought continued thru November and was not broken until early December - the longest period of dryness ever recorded in California. - Cont. from p. 180A.

- The horses. My sister Frances rode a spirited animal, called Scamper, that often attracted attention. One day coming home from school some horsemen in meeting the two sisters, Frances and Mary, critically appraised the horses. "Fine horse that boy" said one, looking at Scamper. But sister Mary, mounted on the staid old Dick, with a roguish and merry heart, insisted that the other horseman said: Better say, fine girl on that gray!

- My people, after crossing the plains to Cal., settled on the ^{later} townsite of Elmira. All the country east of the Pena and Vaca grant (Rancho Los Pintos) was claimed by a Spaniard named, I think, Lugo. My people told me of this man, a Spaniard who set up a grant claim which if allowed would have killed (Cont. p. 193).

Family Names

- The names were essentially British. These ~~western~~ settlers scarcely save those who came across the plains from "the States" in early days. How far California was away, how different! They said of visits to places of birth: Going back to the States! So likewise with the kindly folk about Elmira.

- Home Life, - Old-time ways and Habits
Back-peddlars. Dance-hall hoot.

- Old-time Gardens. cf. vestiges of gardens of mining days at village of Hornitos. cf. is trees: Mulberry; Cactus; Lowst Tree; Tamarick.
See F. B. 41:130.

- Old-time Gardens.

Cactus. Tamarisks, its wonderful almost fleecy softness. Fabiana. Old-time Roses. Stocks and Gillyflowers. Cypress of the College Yard. Monterey Pine. Ailanthus. Pepper Tree.

China Lilies - 20 years in one place. Oleanders, white and red. (Oleanders, wild in Syria. See F. B. 3) Fabiana imbricata of Peru in our old-time gardens, esteemed as a rare exotic, its tubular white flowers and Heath-like foliage. 1 small

The Climate.

Trade winds. North winds
 Exceptional cold and freezing.
 Tule Fog. Ocean Fog. Snow.
 Swollen streams. Driftwood for
 firewood.

The rains. The fragrant fine-smelling earth after the first late rains in the fall!

Wind, the South west, riding against it ^{on the plains} and coming suddenly into a warm belt of air near the foothills.

- The North wind was something that I liked. A fearful destructive wind and yet it brought changes which I remembered. It cleared the air clear as crystal. It made a great series of impressive changes which were just so much to change the hitherto invariable order.

- But the North wind in tule fog time, terribly bitter and raising a high gale.

The worst kind of a storm we had. It combined violent air movement, low temperature and humidity. Worse were days of high wind, great cold, and cloudless skies. Cf. Darwin, Voyage of the Beagle.

- Winter fires. The various woods burned. Sometimes we burned coal (? Wellington) ^{native} as ballast from England in the wheat ships which came to take an wheat crop to Liverpool. We thus had touch with the farmers of the north.

The Physiography.

The line of the Sierrita Hills named from the east the most tenderly beautiful foothills of my memory. Their wonderful regularity in lateral ridges, the contrasting beauty of the ridges, their simple little columns without forks, their wonderful simplicity - all can readily be taken in with a very little observation.

The hills have ^{a simple} charm that is wonderfully sweet to ^{the} eyes.

"God was sorter hurried when He made the Coast Range but He took lots of time with the Vaca Hills" - Folklore.

"God was sorter keener when He made the Coast Range but He took lots of pains with the Vaca Hills." - Folklore.

The Physiography.

The main ridge of Vaca Mt. Its main cañons, Walker, Gates, Halden and Miller. Putnam Peak. Dunn's Point. Rocky. Other landmarks.

The valley floor as it was in the days of old.

The streams, Ukatis and Alamo, graceful waterways bordered by oak and cottonwood and choked with willow, tangles of Hackberry and wild rose. Old Swimming Hole - "Last one's in, the nigger"!

- Staked Horses. - We had not much occasion to stake horses by a stake rope but if this were done, the horse had to be watched until "rope-wise", otherwise with its legs tangled in the rope it might be hurt badly. One day a horse was forgotten; the rope caught its foot above the hoof and it began to kick violently. Soon it threw itself on the ground and finally with bleeding legs lay quiet, the running (Cont. p. 179).
- Our Countryside by Frankie L. J. ₁₇₉

- Old Stage-Line.

"How far is it to Babylon?"

The old stage-line came across the plains from Sacramento thru Siskiyouville to the foot of Bennett's Hill, where Bennett's was a stage station. Thence over the hill to Vacaville, fording the Ukatis, then across the valley, fording Alamo Creek, thru Laguna Pass into Lagoon Valley, then probably thru the low pass towards Luism, the Embarcadero, thence by boat to San Francisco, or to Vallejo and by boat. Farmers regularly drove to Vallejo, left their teams and took boat to San Francisco. Later came the railway thru the Sacramento Valley and a branch road was built to V. by means of that kind of operation called in later days "high finance", the farmers being sold stock which they were later compelled to sacrifice. - Cont. top p. 187.

— Words and Phrases.

"Ugly" = ill-featured. Not referring to the disposition.

"Rim" = to plan, to intend.

"Ron him up the jump-stump"
Whiffly — "he has a whiffly kind of wife"
 i.e., a featherweight.

"Huddledshoe" — "here, you'll have a great h." meaning "mix-up or tumbldown or to-do, when handling breakables."

"Favourance", the quality of resemblance
 "Her favourance to her sister" was very marked

"A get-up", an evasion, pretext or make-believe. That was a mere get-up, i.e. a story to put one off the scent, or to cover up something not desired to become known.

A "word" = saying. It was a great word with Mrs. X that she always started on the wrong day.
 Pong, to make up a pony, i.e. a pure story, for a given object from bystanders.

Cont. from bottom p. 185.

Going to San Francisco was the great enchantment. The wonder of Woodward's Gardens; its lions, tigers, wild cats, bears and elephants. Its great collection of stuffed birds. Its afternoon acrobatic performances. You took your lunch and stayed all day, because you paid as much as ^{ten or} fifteen cents to get in, and you had to stay all day to see it all.

The shipping in the harbor; the great-sailed ships going out the gate, bound to all parts of the earth and connecting our little ^{stage} road with Sydney, Calcutta and Liverpool.

The stage line went down the east side of Logorn Valley. Al. Steiger, once county surveyor, speaks of the references to this road in old deeds. — July, 1917.

In early days we went to Benicia to take boat to S.F. There was no ^{easy road} connection to Vallejo. — James McElroy.

To

My Sister

Mary Elizabeth,

who under the nicknames "May" and "Mollie" was beloved throughout the valley as a joyous lovable girl, a warm-hearted friend and a fine comrade.

Boy-time.

- The Dime-Novel. Stirred the imagination and took us beyond the narrow limits of the little county village. Jules Verne's Ten Thousand Leagues under the Sea and Round the World in Ninety Days. And then think of James Capen Adams, Grizzly Bear Hunter. Once this book got out of the hands of Matt Barnes, its original owner, it went from boy to boy like wildfire; it was passed along because the wonder of it drew it on to the next boy, the wonder of it spread like contagion and under such passing eagerness the book had no chance for normal restoration to its owner. Each boy reading it succumbed (Cont p. 203.)

- Romances of early days. Mason Wilson, the big landholder and first hotel-keeper went away to Texas without telling his family and never came back. He told his wife he was going to Sacramento, held out his arms to her for her to button his cuffs as usual, kissed her and was gone. He went to Sac, but did not return. His family never knew what had become of him or for what reason he left. He finally wrote from Texas and one of the sons went to him and lived with him. - Mart^{on} A. Jepsen, May, 1916. See p. 180 ante.

- Lucy Walker Payne's husband left in a similar way. Went to Sacramento and was never heard of again. Probable met foul play. This happened in recent years. - W.L.J., 1916.

- The Old College Bell. Cont. from ^{p. 178,} ^{124p.} back.
 with wonder and almost awe. With the
 going of the college the bookstore disappeared.
 You could not have bought Milton in our
 town in 1896 or 1906 or any of the great
 books of the world. The District School
 Libraries of that day had some good books:
 Living's Sketch Book, Dickens Novels, etc. In 1909
 I found the District School Library at Cheekin
 in Big Meadows, with 250 novels of the day in it.
 No vain or superior person can tell me that
 the California of the Argonauts was crude
 or rough or uncultured at heart as compared
 with today. There is less reading of good
 books, real literature, relatively to popula-
 tion than in gold days. - May, 1916.

I have just been to Vacaville. You can't buy
 Milton or Shakespeare in the town today. There is no
 bookstore. There is a new public library with a
 rather brave show of books - but no Milton, nor
 Shakespeare, nor Longfellow, not even an our
 best Hart, - I did not look further, but prob.
 no poet or the shelves at all, - mostly novels
 of the day. - Aug, 14, 1916.

- The Presidents of the college as remem-
 bered by my sister and mother were:

Methodist Booklist	{	President Luchy, when P.M. College was in south-side flats.
		" Gorham.
		" Thomas.
		" Norrall
		" J.W. Greene
		" Gregory

- Nov. 30, 1916.

Civil War Days.

- Days in this quiet out of the world valley
 ran on without much incident. The Union
 people were the aggressive element in talk.
 To their old neighbors and friends who
 were Southerners they became distant and
 a little defiant in manner; ^{the old neighborly cordiality was gone.} But there was
 no overt act save burning the college
 building, a ^{South} Methodist institution, the
 separation of the Methodist church in ^{Dominion}
 into two divisions having taken place ^{(in 1844).}
 some years previous to the Civil War.
 My father's people came from Boston but
 he himself was born in the South and
 sympathized strongly with the South altho
 he did not like slave conditions and
 had come away to California for that
 reason. My mother's people on both
 sides were ardent Southerners.
 So our children became extreme Southerners
 in consequence. My sister Mary was
 more violently partisan than a real
 Southerner and yet she had never
 seen the South. This is a curious

thing because it is typical. Mary Gayley daughter of Professor C. M. Gayley of the University of California I found to be intensely loyal to the Confederacy and yet she had at that time never been in the South. The seeds sown in early youth are sufficient to produce, often, a great growth, and the word ^{or years} might be spoken for months, ^{we} ^{wrote before our birth} saw this a purple haze. Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, ^{and} we had constantly ^{old-time steel engravings} before our eyes, pictures of the great Confederate chieftains, ^{and we thus became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the South} and the deadly calm of Stonewall's face, the lion front of Lee."

The very name of ^{Dr.} Butler was to us children odious to a degree and such are childhoods prejudices that many years afterwards I read, ^{with pleasure} the indignant protest of Charles Francis Adams, himself a Union Colonel and grandson of a President, against the proposition to erect a statue to Butler in front of the

Massachusetts State House. Of Butler, during the Civil War, not a good word can be said, writes Adams positively. * from prev. page. Substitute, chieftains, so that our feelings and imagination at once were stirred by the deadly calm, the - May 1916.

"Feeling ran high after the death of Lincoln. Three prominent citizens were arrested in ^{Green} Vaca Valley." - Jas. McBray. Feb. 18.

Stewart

- Solidity of the old College building. The Builders had some trouble at first with cement or mortar, and made a false start, but after this experience was past they builded with great solidity.

Cont. from p. 180B.
my father's preemption rights as our government land. My father and mother in my early years often spoke the name of this man. I think the name is set down somewhere in these notes and also occurs in the Solano Republican issue '9-'19-'35, but I cannot find the name now. It may have been Lugo. Lugo sounds like it. I thought of Lugo as just a ^{as a child} local Spanish or passing (Cont. p. 196)

Words & Phrases.

- Cant. from Bottom p. 170.
cf. "pony up."
- It is lawful to turn to the right
meaning, you must. as unlawful
means you must not. ^{Not}
permissive but mandatory.
- brash, too incautious
- to rattle, from the rattling of
flax, i.e. to give a lively censure.
- shackling, "the rain is just
shackling down"
- "broke" - past the prime or bloom
of youth. "My, how Sally is broke."
- whiffly - not of much account,
unstable, not steadfast
and determined.
- donsie. [Scot.]. Not pert, lively
and well, but ailing or feeble
as a donsie chicken. Off to
feed and so feeble because under-
developed or undernourished.
- Smithereens. See smither, Prov.
Eng. for a flunder or fragment, in Webster.

School-Days.

- Sara Beeland rode a mule to school
and often turned it loose to go home.
Neil Hawkins and other children coming
to school saw the mule develop a
sudden interest in life and start homeward.
Not knowing that Sara had turned the
mule loose she made desperate efforts
to catch it: Came on Neil, yule & late
they cried. Some on the morning
breeze came the clarion call from
Neil: "What do I care for that at
such a time as this!" Such
was heroism and determination
in moment of disaster!
- Remembered pain is a great quickener of
the memory.

Words and Phrases.

- Aunt Lib. Scot. & Old Eng.
- In the name of Sam Hill.
- Pennickety, a Lancashire word acc.
to London Observer, July 13, 1930.
- Jerkey (deer meat).
- Succotash. - Sashay.
- Partridge.
- Floucet, Finet drowned
(stymied; floundered, whilest, amine)

cf. Stand. Dict.
p. 1793,
middle col.

The Sierra Nevada - They were wonderful in the winter time - for hundreds of miles they were revealed by their snowy summits. They seemed not distant, and yet they were so far ^{away} and so high in the air that they had a blue vacuum strip below them. We never saw the foot hills. ^{But the shining heights above the mountains.} Majestic, wonderful mystery. A sense of elevation to the mind in regarding them. One cannot have his eye run out to so majestic a range, ranging over several hundred miles of the earth's surface without being enlarged in his mental outlook and concepts.

Cont. from p. 193. adventures. But as I see it now, probably it was the cousin of Spaniards don Antonio Maria Lugo, one of the greatest landowners in the California of Mexico Republic. It is said he could ride from San Diego to Sonoma and stop every night and change horses on his own property. (cf. Argonauts ed. King, 6-9-39.)

The plains of the Sacramento - powerful in their immensity. They went with the grandeur of the Sierras.

Indians

"Die Ululatus wohnen nördlicher als die Suisun, und deren kommen nur wenige in die Mission." - Adelbert von Chamisso, cf. Aug. C. Mohr, Visit of the Rurik to San Francisco in 1816. p. 85. (1932)

- The Drought Years, '63, '77, '08.

Spaniards looked to as oracles. "It will rain before the end of January"

- Father went to Lakeport for seed in 1861 probably
- In 1878 the horses were taken to the tule and we lost two.

Indians

Kotzebue, Otto von. A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Bering's Straits ** in the ship Rurik. (1821.) "The Ululatus live more to the north than the Suisun and only a few came into the Mission". Vol. 3, p. 51.

- The Old Stone Church in Seneca Valley at Rockville. - W.B. Brown, now 95 and very hale says: myself and two others, Charley Ramsay and John Stiles*, were incensed by the slighting remarks of the M.E. pastor at Fairfield against the proposal to hold a camp-meeting. So these men and two others started it on their own responsibility; they fed freely every one that came, at a public table, and they aroused so much enthusiasm that a subscription of \$5000⁰⁰ was made to build a stone church. None of the promoters were church members but most of them joined! The church became the M.E. Church South, and had a wealthy parish. - June 17, 1917.

As I was driving from Vacaville to Berkeley I turned off the highway at Rockville, a few hundred yards. There set back in the trees is a stone building which at first glance is a little like a temple, or at least suggestive of such a ^{Greek} structure if one is not prepared to look critically.

It has carved in the stone on the front the legend "Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1856" The windows are tall and fine. I opened the door and walked in. The pews were mostly in order; the bible lay on the pulpit; the hymnbook at the side; the Sunday-school library was intact

- and yet the place had not been used in eight years! Of course there was some small-boy markings on the wall but nothing serious. - W.L.J. - June 10, '17.

* The names are from memory.

Portrait Painters in or near S.F.

- Matteo Sandona
- John B. Stanton
- Frank Herkimer
- Arthur Cahill

Place Names in Solano County

- Tolenas - the meaning?
- Montezuma. After Aztec King of the Mexicans, by a pre-gold ^{Mormon} settler named Hastings. One of his adobe buildings is still standing and used at Montezuma. Solano Republican, 9-19-'35.
- Fairfield, chosen in 1858 for county seat by vote; named after Fairfield by Capt. R.H. Wet-
sman who gave the town-site. ^{John} The County was his birth place. Solano Republican, 9-19-'35.

- Chas. M. Russell; ² successor to Remington.

Artists in and near San Francisco

- Maynard Dix on (Indian & desert scenes).
- Jorgensen.
- Arthur Matthews.
- Percy Gray, Oaks..
- Will Sparks.
- Grace Hudson
- C. Chapel Judson
- Ernest Bruce Nelson (entirely Cal. scene)
- Smeede Joulie
- E. W. Currier, 220 Post st.
- G. Cadernasso.
- Frank Van Sloan
- Will Clauson
- R. L. Partington
- Ferdinand Burgdorff
- Gordon Coutts
- H. A. Seawall
- Charles Rollo Peters
- Jules Werfelder
- J. Piazonne
- E. W. Christinas
- J. D. Robinson
- Xavier Martinez

- Charlton Dye
- H. J. Breuer
- A. B. Hansen
- Orrin Peck
- Hanson Puthoff
- Zahad Oake, Dutch artist, Marine scenes.

Place Names in Yaca Valley.
And Solano Co.

- Wragg Cañon. W. H. Brewer of the Cal. Stat. Geol. Sur. wrote it "Rag Cañon", as did I as a child. Finally decades after I saw it spelled Wragg on a topographic map. Now Wragg is an English name. One day, on a coach top in Surrey I noticed (riding) the signs on shop fronts in the little villages, picturesque, quaint, that we passed through. There was Wragg on a sign, shortly I saw Scragg, and in the London Times in my hand, my eye noticed Harry Wragg, a famous jockey, who the previous day had ridden a horse to victory at Ascot. I suppose all these names are somewhat Anglo-gous.

Ranch Names.

- Rancho Camomazo.
- Rancho Cabazada.
- Rancho Cabezon.
- Rancho Tenoda.
- Rancho Tortola.
- Rancho Palomar.
- Rancho Tocalote

- In September, 1930 I come down out of the Sacramento River cañon, after an absence in England, the green land, into the heart of the Sacramento Valley on the west side. Everywhere stretch out the white stubble fields with their black spider-nets of bumble bees and ^{over} all the blazing heat; the tan-colored hills dazzling in the sunshine, the groves of tall oaks and locust trees and black walnut ^{clusters of} sheltering ^{the} farm buildings - how deeply familiar every detail of the scene, how well remembered. - I could look and look and look, - and never weary. - 9-20-30.

- Just beyond the bridge over the Alamo at the Jewett place, on the east side of the road, stood the Campbellite Church, built in the fifties. It was used as a school (public one) in early days. Linn Wells McKinney remembers a loose board in the floor porch that the boys made a noise on in going out with a rush at recess. One day in recess Jud Williams wrote on the back side of the swinging or turning blackboard: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." The teacher in the course of class work, after school took up, turned over the board and displayed the sign to our one-track school. His name was Kenyon and he said sternly: "Who put this on the blackboard?" There was a moment of awful silence, and Jud stood up and said: "I did, Sir." "I want to say that there are not any secessionists," said the teacher very sternly and very solemnly. "Moreover I want to tell you that there are very few persons known with spies everywhere about and anyone doing such a thing might bring down disaster on an innocent head. Let it never occur again." "All right Sir, said Jud." - July 9, 1917.

- Cont. p. 104B.

See
p. 80

- Vidal Pera remembers about Edwin Markham. Markham lived as a young man or boy in Lagoon Valley in what is now the Ratcliff place. The house is the same, with some minor changes, as in Markham time. Henry ("Hank") Winchell who once lived below Pigeon Point on the opposite side of the Araguipa Hills from the Markhams is a first cousin of Markham, ^{whose mother, Mrs. Markham,} having been a Miss Winchell. The father of Henry Winchell came to California from Indiana. Winchell speaks of Markham, during those days, as a student, that he never went into the hills without a book in his hand. (afterwards)

Vacuville people nowadays have no interest in Markham as a local personage. When the Markhams lived here, circa 1870-1875, Edwin was merely the "Son of the Widow Markham", by which time Mrs. Markham was known. Here one can quote the verse of Kipling about the place where a man's folks lived. - July 7, 1917

- Jefferson Davis, by Armistead C. Jordan. (Scribner's).
- See also "Varina Howell, wife of Jefferson Davis (McMillan Co., N.Y. - 1928 or 1929). A picture of prewar times. By Evon Howland
- Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War. By G. F. R. Henderson. Longmans, Green & Co. Circular of Dec. 1929.

[Cont. from p. 188.] to the juvenile passion of the book like a flaming conspiracy. And then one day Matt heard of the book and got on his trail. But each boy, having read the book, became a genuine enthusiast. Such a book belonged to the world of boys - to boyville, it could not be private property and withheld from the common right. The enormity of such a proposition stirred every boy and under a conspiracy of silence the trail of the book was blazed. What a wonderful time it was; what marvelous days. The number in the freemasonry ranks grew from day to day and with it a grand sense of belonging to a new and wonderful order. And then one day a boy left the book in his school desk, Matt seized it, seized it, and at the top of his speed ran away and delivered it to his inamorata!!

[Cont. from p. 109] header driven slanted at him, and also the draper under. It was at the corners that he had the worst trouble, for this requires nice driving to prevent the spilling of the wheat. I warned him that we were coming to a corner, but he naturally made a mess of it; and the good wheat, the fine plump yellow ears went spilling to the ground in a golden stream. So I told him he must both watch and guide his horses and watch the header spent also. He did a little better at the next turn, but threw the header spent so high that the grain choked it, but it came on in to the header - wagon bin as he straightened out again after the turn. He was tremendously determined to learn and soon got the knack of it. When evening came he said: "Half a die, lads; is more'n a whole die", which I didn't understand at all until I got the hang of his speech, "Half a day is more'n a whole day" at that sort of work. We became good friends. I learned that he was a sailor, which accounted for his walk, and from London which accounted for his cockney speech. In the evenings he told me strange tales of the sea, of cannibal South Sea islanders. (Cont. p. 527). and

- Index Books, 125.
 - Alamo Creek, 104.
 - Birds, 173, 143, 117, 48, 160 (buzzard), 174, 152.
 - Black Gnats, 128, 135.
 - Boundaries, 99.
 - California, Books on early... 45, 124.
 - Churches, 180, 57, 113.
 - Civil War days, 191, 177.
 - Colleg, The Old, 157, 103.
 - Coyote, 122, 112, 47, 166, 144, 114.
 - Dawn, Zodiacal Light, p. 100.
 - Domestic fowl, 75.
 - Animals, 150, 172, 169, 155, 144, 140, 121, 116.
 - Early California and the Overland Trail, books on 45, 124.
 - Elk, 140, 39.
 - Encalyptus, 76.
 - Fence lines, 23.
 - Field experiences, 91.
 - Fence Lines, 99, 23, 92, 87, 23, 202.
 - Fog, 108, 160, 127, 154, 158.
 - Furrowed Land, The, 123.
 - Gardens, 62, 181.
 - Heat waves, 51.
 - Holiday expeditions, 166, 49.

- Indians, p. 197.
- Juvet's Bridge, p. 171.
- Markham, Edwin, 202 b, 118.
- May Day, 91.
- Missourians, 61.
- Mule, p. 105, 168, 167, 79, 98.
See p. 96, Hoppy Days at Little Oak Ranch.
- Native plants, common names, 55.
- Roads, Highways, 118, 134.
 - Lonely roads, 38.
- Old Songs, 90.
- Old-time inhabitants, 100.
- Place Names, 190. Queries - see card at end.
- Old-time words and phrases, 170, 194.
- Plants, The Native, 149, 151.

- Rains, The, 153, 94.
- School, old Alamo, 80, 202a, 164.
- School teacher, the country, 24.
- School-days, 195, 190, 29a, 40, 202a
James Capin Alamo, 188.
- Slap-jack, 96, 98, 73, 87, 101.
- ^{The} Smithers, 177.
- Summer Heat, 148, 147, 136.
- The trees, 62, 175, 103, 76.
- The Talker and the Talker, 168.
- Tule fog. See Fog.
- Tule fire forming a high cloud over the plain, 81.
- Turkeys, 75.
- Words, (Mustard), 91, 53.
- Williams family, deaths, 126.
- Wind, 160, 136, 153, 132, 74, 41, 79, 89, 95.
- Weather, the Rains 153.
- Wolfkills, 163, 127.
- Words and phrases, 120, 194, 151.

- Yankees, 178.

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- Boundaries.
- Indians - always.
- Indian village.
- Use of resources - when does you get it?
- me of the full. How put on?
- And the Americans make some things?
- What about the wild animals?
- How did the cattle get there?
- What is the meaning of Tolosa?
- How did the "wild space" come to be. Its past near the Pine Canyon?
- Coyotes?
- Live on the two sides of the Valley?
- What flora - carya, canada, tamara
- Turbles? in fact.
- Clime driven out.

- Turkeys - their habits of wildness, powers of flight?
- Mules - why so few in Yaca Valley?
- Turkeys - lay eggs?